The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CIX NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1919 No. 2839

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 671

EDITORIALS:
- The Treaty, the Public, and the Powers 674
- What Congress Did 675
- Our Future Army 675
- Cheap Education 676
- Art and Arms 677

THE PRUSSIANIZATION OF IRELAND 678

MAP OF IRELAND: The General Election of December, 1918 679

WHY WE SHOULD LEAVE MEXICO ALONE. By John Kenneth Turner 680

GEORGE ELIOT: 1819-1919. By Frederick Tupper 683

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE:
- Helping France to Help Itself. By William MacDonald 686

CORRESPONDENCE 687

TO A FRIEND IN CALIFORNIA. By Witter Bynner 688

LITERATURE:
- Roosevelt Intimately Considered 688
- The English-Speaking Brotherhood 690
- The Short and the Long View of Labor 690
- As Children See Us 691
- On Scottish History 692
- Three Careers 693

BOOKS IN BRIEF 694

DRAMA: The Theatre: Mythical and Real. By L. L. 694

ART: Water Color in New York and Philadelphia. By N. N. 696

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION 697

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 703

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE NATION PRESS, INC.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor — HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, Managing Editor

WILLIAM MacDONALD, ALBERT JAY NOCK, Associate Editors — FREDA KIRCHWEY, MABEL H. B. MUSSEY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Four dollars per annum, postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $4.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $5.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, NEW YORK. Chicago Office: Room 1348, People's Gas Bldg. British Agents for Subscriptions and Advertising: Swarthmore Press, Ltd., 72 Oxford St., London.

THE situation in Italy clearly does not improve. D'Annunzio's spectacular occupation of Zara, one of the most important military and naval bases on the Dalmatian coast, with the tacit connivance, it would appear, of Admiral Millo, gives further proof of the extent of disaffection in the Italian army and navy and of the weakness of the Nitti Government in the face of the approaching crisis. The Foreign Minister, Signor Tittoni, has resigned, ostensibly, at least, because of the reported rejection by President Wilson of Italy's proposed settlement of the Fiume question. Signor Nitti has issued an optimistic statement, chiefly for American consumption, in which he scouts the idea of revolution or war, and protests again, as well he may, the earnest desire of Italy to remain at peace with the Jugoslavs; but a Government which is obviously unable or unwilling to cope with the d'Annunzio crusade, and which apparently cannot control either the army or the navy, cannot long retain confidence at home or respect abroad. The internal situation is further complicated by the Socialists who, with apparently 170 members in the newly-elected Chamber of Deputies, are reported to contemplate some insult to the King if the latter makes his customary appearance at the opening of Parliament. The Jugoslavs, meantime, are preparing to resist by force d'Annunzio's anticipated advance upon Spalato and to maintain their claims to Dalmatian territory. What stands out clearly is the impossibility of effecting any rational settlement of the Fiume question so long as Italy itself continues in turmoil, and the grave danger of a war which, once started, would almost certainly involve other Powers besides Italy and Jugoslavia, and plunge southeastern Europe into a new chaos akin to that from which it has only just begun to emerge. One need not take seriously the rumored intention of d'Annunzio's followers to upset the monarchy and make d'Annunzio president of Italy, to see that Italy itself is near the brink.

PRESS reports from London, from Copenhagen, from Berlin, from Washington, as well as from every corner of Russia, all tell their different stories to emphasize one point—the complete collapse of the Allied policy in Russia and the spectacular triumph of the Bolshevist forces. No press inventions, no diplomatic "fog" can obscure the defeat of Denikin, the rout of Kolchak's army, the evaporation of the forces of Judenitch. On the diplomatic field at Dorpat the Bolsheviki are equally successful. Their delegates came to exchange prisoners; they carry home a peace. War between Soviet Russia and Latvia is over, and an offensive and defensive alliance between the two countries has been reported. The Esthonian delegate has instructed M. Litvinov to inform his Government that Esthonia will conclude peace with Soviet Russia. A dispatch from Copenhagen to *The Jewish Daily Forward* of New York states that M. Litvinov, in conference at Copenhagen with British representatives, has with him the terms upon which the Soviet Government is prepared to conclude peace with Great Britain. Other dispatches state that the Soviet Government is about to invite the coöperation of representatives of other Socialist groups and to call a Constituent Assembly. In view of all these manifest steps toward peace and reconciliation, Allied agents would be well advised to abstain from minor meddling in Russian affairs. The investigation by the Lusk Committee of the activities of the Russian envoy in the United States; the alleged plot to overthrow the Government at Petrograd during the advance of Judenitch, which was financed by the Allies, according to an official Soviet report, to the extent of 10,000,000 rubles; the Allied support of the Kolchak forces during the recent liberal revolt at Vladivostok—all such activities, in the face of the new Allied Russian policy which must soon be adopted, are unwise in the extreme.

THAT the Mexican Government or the local or State authorities in Mexico have the right to arrest a consular agent or any other American citizen not of diplomatic rank suspected of illegal action, no newspaper has so far had the temerity to deny. That the American Government, on the other hand, has the right to insist upon a fair trial for any of its citizens arrested in Mexico, everyone must admit. But when dispatches from Washington announce that "it is understood" to be the intention of the Administration not "to submit to argument or temporizing on the part of the Mexican Government" in the matter of the arrest of Consular Agent Jenkins; and when the State Depart-

BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE EDUCATION LIBRARY BEREA, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment sends a note to the Mexican Government demanding "the immediate release" of Mr. Jenkins, in terms interpreted as carrying a threat of force in case of a refusal; and when it is "admitted in high official circles" that the State Department has before it an estimate, previously prepared by the War Department, of the number of men and the number of years which would be required for the "complete pacification" of Mexico, it becomes apparent that Mr. Jenkins will have to be very guilty indeed to be left to the processes of Mexican law. Without waiting for the facts to be known concerning the actual culpability of the Mexican Government in connection with the original kidnapping of Mr. Jenkins and his subsequent arrest, certain dangerously influential persons and a large section of the press are calling for armed intervention. It is to be hoped, however, that the people of the United States, less eager for war and less concerned with concessions and dividends, are willing to await the facts before deciding to devote 450,000 men and three years to forcing our American conception of justice upon the people of Mexico.

ADMISSION of Germany and Austria to the International Labor Organization "immediately after the Washington Conference" was promised by the Supreme Inter-Allied Council last May. But the International Trade Union Conference, held at Amsterdam in July and August, voted against the participation of trade unions in the Washington Conference unless all nations were admitted. The Supreme Council modified its attitude on September 11 by deciding that the question "should be left to the decision of that [the Washington] Congress." It added that the Allies "would put no obstacle in the way of German or Austrian delegates desirous of proceeding to Washington in anticipation of a decision in their favor." The Germans announced that they would not go to Washington unless officially invited. So the Supreme Council on October 11 wrote to Baron von Lersner that it was recommending "that the question of the admission of the German and Austrian delegates . . . be considered by the Conference as the first item on its agenda." Accordingly, on October 30, the Conference, by a vote of 71 to 1, resolved that "Germany and Austria are hereby admitted to membership in the International Labor Organization." A cable message from the German trade-unions was read to the Conference on November 4, welcoming the decision but stating that the departure of the German delegates was delayed by difficulties in securing passage. Press dispatches reported that the Supreme Council was arranging transportation for them. At that time the general expectation among members of the Conference seemed to be that the sessions would drag out to the end of the year. Suddenly, on November 15, the secretary general announced by letter that "it was absolutely necessary to bring the work of the Conference to a conclusion by November 29." Two days later, without mention of the date of transmission or reception, he reported that a cablegram had been received stating that the German delegates expected to sail from Gothenburg November 18, on an eleven-day boat, and that a reply had been sent forthwith to the effect that the Conference had set November 29 as a tentative date for adjournment. "Regret was expressed," said the official announcement, "at the possibility that events might prevent the Germans from arriving in time for the discussions of the Conference." One wonders just what those events may be.

IN these days of political and industrial flux it would be rash to predict the future of the Labor party of the United States on the basis of the convention at which it was organized last week in Chicago. Neither the ultra-radical nor the extreme conservatives were in control, and the statement of principles adopted was made up for the most part of demands already familiar in labor organization programs, and even in the platforms of the two great political parties that are now dominant in this country. As significant, perhaps, as any other action was the second thought which resulted in amending the constitution, which had just been adopted, so as to provide that the Labor party should not fuse with, or endorse the candidates of, any other party at an election. This would seem to mean that if the Labor party is to become part of a general progressive amalgamation the other forces will have to come to it; it will not go to them. The future of the new movement will be viewed with great interest despite the fact that in Australia the Labor party is said to have lost the confidence of the trade unionists who originated it, and that in Great Britain the Parliamentary section of the Labor party has fallen into decadence between the radicalism of organized workers on the one hand and the clever opportunism of Mr. Lloyd George on the other. Probably nothing gave the new Labor party a better excuse for existence than the action of the Attorney General and Judge Anderson, a few days before the convention, in aligning the Government against organized labor, and so emphasizing the reason for direct political action on the latter's part. It was a poor return for the convention to demand the impeachment of Judge Anderson, but political parties, like republics, are notoriously ungrateful.

PRESIDENTIAL candidacies and near-candidacies are, of course, the order of the day. The supporters of Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts, the "law and order" candidate, whose candidacy, by the way, is said to have the affectionate interest of that astute Republican politician, ex-Senator W. Murray Crane, are reported to be hopeful of rallying to his standard all the New England States. Governor Lowden of Illinois is "developing strength" in Wisconsin, and has his eye on the Republican field in Michigan and Iowa. Senator Poindexter of Washington accompanies the announcement of his candidacy for the Republican nomination by a declaration of principles, French style, in which "no compromise with anarchy" and the prompt performance of our "international duties" in Mexico hold the leading places. The formal announcement of General Leonard Wood's candidacy will, it is said, be made shortly. One must not forget to mention also Senator Harding of Ohio in the list of those who may possibly run. Senator Hiram Johnson is said to be too busy attending to his duties at Washington to pay much attention to the Presidency, but he is obviously Presidential timber, and will make a formidable candidate if he decides to stand. If the Democrats have any decided preference except for Mr. McAdoo—and we are not at all sure that the selection of Mr. McAdoo would be wholly a matter of preference with the Democrats—the fact has not been disclosed; but we are at least glad to note that they are not enthusiastic over Attorney-General Palmer. It is a little strange that the most striking name of all—that of a man whose distinguished services during the war, joined to close associations with "big business" and invincible conservatism on such questions as Socialism and labor, would make him an ideal Republican standard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bearer—has as yet hardly been mentioned. We advise our readers not to allow their interest in the candidacies of Governor Coolidge and the rest to divert their attention from Mr. Hoover.

WHEN the Armistice Day parade in Centralia, Washington, passed the door of the I. W. W. hall, someone, according to the sworn testimony of Dr. F. J. Bickford at the coroner's inquest, suggested raiding the hall. "I spoke up and said I would lead if enough would follow," said Dr. Bickford, "but before I could take the lead there were many ahead of me. Someone placed his foot against the door and forced it open, after which a shower of bullets poured through the opening and about us." As a result of this and other testimony, and in spite of popular clamor, the coroner's jury failed to find a verdict placing the blame for the shooting on members of the I. W. W. The American Legion of Centralia called for vengeance, but the head of the Legion at Butte, Montana, had a real sense of fair play and the temerity to issue a statement approving the action of the I. W. W. of Centralia in the defense of its rights and the cause of order. Following the tragedy, one member of the I. W. W. was lynched, and the prosecution of other members suspected of complicity is being pushed by the county attorney. Charges of slaughter "in cold blood" and "wanton and deliberate murder," levelled against the I. W. W., were evidently supported by too little evidence to carry weight with the coroner's jury, even though the coroner himself was one of the former service men alleged to have been "marked for death" because of their active opposition to the I. W. W. Without pretending to any affection for the I. W. W., it seems evident to us that the sifted facts of the case tend to relieve that organization of much of the odium recently squandered upon it.

THE facts, however, are of little consequence. The national need of the hour was for a radical atrocity to wave in the face of the country. The Centralia tragedy became a watch-word at Washington. There was uproar along the Potomac. "This detestable outrage," said Senator Poindexter of Washington, "is the fearful penalty which Centralia has paid for the over-lenient policy of the National Government toward anarchists and murderous communists. Instead of proscribing, deporting, and otherwise punishing as the laws provide, this miserable human vermin which seems to destroy civilization, the Government has shown them many favors." "I have seen these damnable curs and traitors boring in for years past," remarked Representative Johnson, of the same State, "and they have pretty well accomplished their purpose." He read a telegram of sympathy sent to the Mayor of Centralia, in which he expressed his opinion that the United States "must be purged of its seditionists and revolutionists to the last one, and if this means war, then the quicker war is declared on them the better." The Mayor of Centralia adduces as two of the causes of the outbreak the "laxness of the Federal Government in dealing with seditionists, Socialists, slackers, and the riff-raff of the race," and "favoritism of the Federal Government toward the radical labor element." There we have it. Pending the declaration of the real war called for by Representative Johnson, there is still a minor engagement to be fought at Washington, and the next election is not far away. As ammunition for use against the Administration, the Centralia episode was a godsend to the Republicans.

THE heresy-hunters in the New York public schools are having a happy time these days, even if the number of Communist teachers they have discovered has shrunk from six to two. But last week Messrs. Tildsley and Ettinger caught a real rascal in the person of a certain teacher in the DeWitt Clinton High School who pleaded guilty—with absolute brazenness—to reading liberal journals! Naturally they withheld from this traitor a permanent teaching license. Dr. Tildsley's finding is so delicious that we cannot refrain from printing it in full, even if we thereby give Prof. Veblen ground for action for criminal libel:

> Permanent license NOT recommended. Mr. Harrow recommended his pupils to read an article in *The Dial* of February 22, 1919, by Thornstein Veller (sic!), entitled: "Bolshevism is a Menace—To Whom?" An article which is an apology for Bolshevism and which impresses wrong ideas upon the boys. They would gain from it the impression that the Bolshevists were justified in denying food to the small shopkeepers and others of the middle classes on the ground they were "kept people" who contributed nothing to production. He compares their action in withholding necessities of life from these people to the action of the Allies in shutting off food from Germany. I send with this a copy of the article. His action in thus recommending an article which would tend to make the boys less hostile to Bolshevism is in accord with the general impression he has made upon me. His favorite reading is said to be *The Nation, The New Republic,* and *The Dial.* He occupied a front seat at each session of the Glassberg trial and seemed to approve sentiments expressed in favor of the Bolshevists. I believe it would be wise therefore to renew his license merely and *warn him that his work is teaching English,* and that he should be more careful in his recommendations of articles for his pupils to read.

IF gaiety invades book catalogues they will be the most interesting reading in the world. There comes to light a dealer in rural Pennsylvania who dimly perceives this. His entry for Cato's "De Agri Cultura" he annotates "Delenda est cultura"—in the good old language of 1914. "On the Tibur Road" by the two Professors Whicher calls forth an ancient phrase with variations: "O patre pulchro filius just as clever." Harry Thurston Peck this frivolous dealer calls "The O. Henry of the classical world." Lemaître's "Jean Jacques Rousseau" is underwritten "Irving Babbitt's bête noire." The material listed under "United States," a note says, would be "known on Fourth Avenue as Americanna." Another heading is "Philosophy, Religion, and H. G. Wells." Perhaps as befits a vendor of old treasures our bibliopolist is the solidest of tories, and he almost makes his position jolly. "Another name for the League of Nations," he says of Stewart and Tait's "Unseen Universe." And observe his remarks about Mabel M. Irwin's "Whitman the Poet—Liberator of Women": "a dithyrambic study of a man who lived on charity in order to leave money for a monument, not believing that his poetry was 'aere perennius.'" "Books," he tells his readers, "may be paid for by check, within a reasonable time after you get them. If I send you a catalogue I will trust you. I have known only three university men who didn't pay their debts and they are not on my list." And he blithely salutes the liberal universe on his cover page: "After reading *The Dial* and *The Nation* and *The New Republic,* with their rage for brotherly love—a Philadelphian furor one might say—I thank fate for Colonel Harvey and the Bolshevists: they at least hate somebody—though not the same person." If only more of the tories were jolly!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Treaty, the Public, and the Powers

WE are glad to see that Mr. Lodge proposes to take the treaty question to the people, and to make the issue between the Senate and the President a matter of general public discussion. As Congress reassembles on December 1, and as some further action on the treaty is certain to be taken at an early date, it is not quite clear how much can be done in what at best is an extremely brief time; and Mr. Lodge himself is not very definite as to the way in which he proposes to arouse and inform the public, and presumably get something tangible in the way of a response, before the Senate and the President renew their struggle. Nevertheless we hope that he will succeed, and that he will not allow himself to be deterred either by the reported fears of his colleagues lest public discussion should saddle the Republicans with an uncomfortable weight of responsibility, or by the complaints of bankers and merchants that the delay is injuring international business and that the treaty ought to be disposed of as quickly as possible. There is every reason why not only the treaty itself, but the action of the Senate in accepting certain amendments and reservations and then rejecting the treaty as a whole, should be spread before the American public.

There is the more reason for taking the question to the country because the controversy between the Senate and the President has precipitated a grave constitutional crisis as well as a difficult international situation. The President has exercised his constitutional discretion in carrying on a war which the Congress by joint resolution authorized, and in negotiating a treaty which, if ratified by the Senate, would at least have brought the state of war to an end. The Senate, in the exercise of its constitutional discretion, has rejected the treaty; and the state of war, so far as the United States is concerned, continues. The deadlock between the Senate and the Executive can be broken only by concessions on the one side or the other, either in the form of amendments to the treaty upon which both parties can agree and which Mr. Wilson will do his best to induce the other signatory Powers to accept, or by the conclusion, directly or through the agency of another Peace Conference, of a new treaty shorn of the objections to the existing one.

In its issue of May 17 *The Nation* condemned the treaty as unjust and inhumane, as flagrantly violative of assurances upon which Germany had a moral right to rely, and as certain to bring in its wake not peace but the sword. Two weeks later we expressed the opinion that the adoption by Congress of a resolution declaring the war with Germany at an end, and the negotiation of a separate treaty between the United States and Germany, would be a proper, and in many respects the best, way out of the difficulty into which President Wilson had brought the country. In making these suggestions we were not unmindful of either the constitutional or the political difficulties which such a course might encounter. The constitutional authority of the President as commander-in-chief has been generally understood to extend not only to the actual operations of war on land or sea, but also to the determination of the point at which hostilities may properly be suspended and the negotiation of peace terms may begin. For the present situation, however, there is no conclusive precedent in our constitutional history, and we have accordingly felt, as Senator Knox, an admitted authority on constitutional law, appears to feel, that the benefit of the doubt may properly be given to a procedure which would at least untie the hands of the United States, and leave the President free, if not indeed compelled, to conclude a peace which would lack the vicious features of the Versailles agreement. It is this course that seems likely now to be followed. Senator Lodge has shown no disposition since the adjournment of Congress to abandon his resolution declaring the war with Germany at an end, and may be expected to bring it forward again at the opening of the new session and to do his best to secure its adoption. There is no evidence of a change of heart on the part of the Senators who championed the numerous amendments and reservations which the Senate debated. If the President resubmits the treaty to the Senate it will be referred to Senator Lodge's committee, and unless the treaty is accompanied by far more thoroughgoing concessions than there is as yet reason for believing that Mr. Wilson will make, it will, in all probability, be reported back by the committee adversely. The President will then have no other alternative than to negotiate a new and separate treaty, unless he wishes to leave the question of peace suspended in mid-air for an indefinite period while he attempts to reconvene the Peace Conference.

The international situation, meantime, difficult and complicated as it undoubtedly will be if the United States concludes a separate peace, affords no occasion for hysteria. The intimation that the Powers which have accepted the Treaty of Versailles may "go ahead without the United States" and insist upon having their pound of flesh is to be taken with several grains of salt. There is very little likelihood of precipitate action in the direction of putting the Versailles treaty into effect, once it is made clear that the United States regards the treaty as mischievous and immoral and will have no part in it. Europe, we may be sure, will wait until America has made up its mind; and if America, prevented by the selfishness and perversity of the Allies from joining them in a treaty with Germany, itself concludes a peace which is just, reasonable, and humane, the malevolent work of the Peace Conference will not go long unrevised.

And, while Europe waits, much that is reasonable, just, and humane can be done and ought to be done both in this country and in Europe. Trade can be reopened freely with Germany, as it has already been opened in part. France can take up with some real seriousness the taxation of its own people and the much-needed reorganization and rehabilitation of its industrial life, and American bankers if they wish can help in the process, without waiting for a Reparations Commission to determine the precise amount of indemnity that Germany is to pay. The hungry millions of central and Eastern Europe can be fed, the naked clothed, and the sick relieved, even under an armistice. The brutal and senseless attacks upon all things German that still disfigure many American, British, and particularly French newspapers can give way to some reasonable effort to prepare the minds of men for the era of peace which the advocates of the treaty profess so ardently to desire. There need be no fear that the world will shortly go to pieces merely because the Senate has rejected a treaty which Mr. Wilson never should have signed. There are difficulties enough in the way of peace without conjuring others which do not exist.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Congress Did

THE re-assembling of the Sixty-sixth Congress comes so soon after the adjournment of the first session that discussion of what should be attempted this winter tends to crowd out consideration of the record left so far. It is well, however, to pass in review the work of the session that began on May 19 last, and ended six months later, if for no other reason than that so many of the questions considered still remain for definitive action this winter. Of course the overshadowing question of the session was the peace treaty; next to it, in the minds of most persons, legislation for the railways. Both the peace treaty and the proposal for a French-British-American alliance remain as legacies for the regular session. A railway bill was passed by the House, but as the Senate failed to take action that problem is also carried over. The unsatisfactory nature of the House measure, and the pre-occupation of the Senate with the peace treaty, make this a desirable outcome. The future of the railways is too vital and too big an issue to be settled except after the most careful, far-sighted, and intelligent consideration, as a preliminary to which the period of the present Federal control ought to be extended. Although hope for the railways—and thus indirectly for the industrial life of the nation—lies in a continuation, for the present at least, of Federal operation under guarantee of dividends, there was pretty general relief at the action of Congress in returning the telegraph and telephone services to private ownership.

We record with satisfaction the failure of Congress to enact new immigration laws. The proposals originating in the House were, generally, unnecessary and mischievous. This is the worst of all possible times to consider changes in regulations, when the Government is apparently seeking new means of throttling free expression of opinion, and when an iniquitous propaganda campaign is on deliberately designed to stir up hate among Americans whether by birth or by naturalization, against persons in the country who "belong," politically speaking, to some other nation. That such a campaign should be furthered by business interests is particularly short-sighted and unjust, since present-day American industry and our whole standard of living have been built upon the willingness of the immigrant to do work and accept wages which others in this country would not consider. What is said about the desirability of leaving our immigration laws alone until a time when public sentiment is more normal does not apply, however, to two other proposals that were before the House in the session just ended— one to establish a budget system for the Government, and the other to provide for the future of our merchant marine.

When one turns from the laws which Congress did not pass to those which it enacted at the recent session, there is less to occupy attention. The most conspicuous constructive action was the decision to submit to the Legislatures of the forty-eight States a proposal to amend the Federal Constitution so as to permit of woman suffrage. In addition to this, Congress passed the Volstead Prohibition Enforcement bill and a measure to repeal the Daylight Saving law. In view of the fact that demobilization was over when the Volstead measure was enacted, and that Constitutional prohibition, in effect on January 16 next, will call for new legislation, nothing can be expected of the present enforcement law but confusion and a vast amount of futile and expensive litigation.

Both the Volstead law and the repeal of daylight saving were passed by Congress over the Presidential veto, and emphasize what was the striking characteristic of the session—opposition to President Wilson. This attitude, coming after the almost cringing subserviency of Congress to the President during the war, was criticized by many as based on purely partisan grounds and as due to the desire of the Republican party to assert its newly-acquired strength. Admitting that these motives were present, and also that the particular measures in regard to which Congress opposed the President were not always well-chosen, the re-assertion of the power of the legislative branch of the government was, on the whole, the greatest and most beneficent achievement of the session just ended. Since the administration of Roosevelt the increase in the authority of the White House has been growing; a tendency throughout the country to accept this and to belittle and ridicule Congress has been increasing. This is not democracy, and it is not in line with the governmental changes toward which the world is turning.

Our Future Army

FOR weeks before the adjournment of Congress the Senate and House Military Committees took testimony as to our future military establishment, only to develop the same extraordinary differences of opinion usually to be found among those who claim special right as guardians of our national safety. If there ever was an inexact science it is that of the militarists, with whom there is but one fixed point of departure—that there must be more of something than they have. To run over the reports of the hearings is altogether illuminating. Thus, the Administration's bill, warmly upheld by Secretary Baker, calls for 500,000 men; that of the War Plans Branch of the General Staff, for 301,000 officers and men. Among the military witnesses, Gen. Jervey, a Director of the General Staff, knew that nothing less than 576,000 troops would safeguard our liberties. Gen. Haan, another Director, was content with 306,500, and so was Gen. McAndrew, provided he could have 650,000 of our youth to train each year; Gen. Hinds was for 350,000; Gen. O'Ryan for a modest 125,000, which is quite offset by Gen. March's and Gen. Glenn's insistence upon 576,000, just about as many as Germany had under arms prior to the war. Gen. Wood proved to be a middle-of-the-roader with 250,000, and so did Gen. Pershing, who asked for "275,000 or 300,000."

As for universal military service, most of the generals favored it enthusiastically; on only one other point was there greater unanimity, namely, the certainty that if we should adopt every attribute of Prussian militarism, including an overweening General Staff, conscription in peace time, and all the rest, Americans could not possibly be Prussianized—an opinion particularly amusing when enunciated by General March, the Adjutant General, at the moment when he was advocating a regular army twice the pre-war size, a huge force of annual conscripts, and a military expenditure of over one billion dollars a year. As for the form of conscription suggested, it ranged from three months to a year for boys from 18 to 20, of whom an annual cannon-fodder crop of 650,000, black and white, is expected.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gen. Pershing favored a six months' drill period, even if there should never be another war, because of its "physical and educational features and the preliminary and necessary training it gives in citizenship"—one wonders how the republic has lived one hundred and thirty years without it—but he was not willing that the youth so trained should be subject to draft in time of peace. Despite the weight of his professional opinion, the outlook for the introduction of universal military service is so very far from promising that its advocates are much discouraged. Congressman Sanford, for instance, blurted out at the hearing his deep regret that he did not find a unanimous sentiment in the House. The saddest blow of all has come from the American Legion, which, while favoring some kind of military training for all our youth, was absolutely opposed, at its Minneapolis convention, to the training of any unwilling person.

As for the official War Department bill and one from the General Staff, the Committees promptly discarded them both. "I for one," said Congressman McKenzie after listening to weeks of testimony, "have about come to the conclusion that it [the Baker bill] is the worst one that was ever prepared." That it was drawn without consultation with General Pershing and was successfully riddled by officer after officer was sufficient to discredit the Baker measure. But Senator Chamberlain himself in an able statement further demolished it. He described it as "radical and revolutionary," and further stated that "this preposterous [staff] scheme, together with many others of like intent in the pending bill, spells one-man dominance, staff despotism, and militarism to a degree never surpassed in the palmiest days of the 'Great General Staff' of the German Army"—a sufficient reply to the military optimists who are certain that we are not on the road to militarism. As Senator Chamberlain proves, our General Staff is taking the course of all other similar bodies and has become a menace to the efficiency of the army, if not to the liberties of the country. It is, of course, strongly behind the War Department proposal that conscription shall go into effect automatically the moment we get into a war, whether with Mexico or Japan or any other nation, so that the people shall have no chance to vote upon conscription after war begins.

Having discarded the official bills, the House Committee proposes to draft a measure early next year, and has given the War Department a tip to prepare estimates for an army of about 280,000 combatant and 25,000 non-combatant soldiers. The chief question of interest is whether the inefficient regular army will finally be overhauled, reformed, and democratized. This the American Legion wisely demanded at its conference. It was what *The Nation* urged in 1915 as a prerequisite if the country were going to prepare properly. Failure to do this meant much suffering and heavy loss of life in France, the responsibility for which the regular army is cleverly trying to evade by dwelling upon the short period it had for training the conscripted armies and by bemoaning the fact that Pershing did not have a regular army of 300,000 to throw into the struggle in March, 1918. If there had been 300,000, they would have been broken up and bedevilled by the bureaucrats in Washington precisely as was the admirably efficient army Pershing led out of Mexico after his unsuccessful search after Villa. The next session will show whether there is sufficient statesmanship really to reorganize and reform the army, in which case a much smaller army than 300,000 will be sufficient.

Cheap Education

THE graduates of this or that university, or of all the universities, may contribute as much as they will to the various "drives" now being conducted, but the public should not be deceived by any comfortable notion that such private gifts will greatly improve the situation of our schools and colleges. The total sum raised will be but as brooks to rivers compared with what will have to be found before American education can stand on any sound or even endurable footing. The real situation has been much obscured. Traditionally committed to a generous educational policy, we have been shocked to find suddenly that we were starving our teachers. We have blamed their plight on the failure of school boards and trustees to increase salaries in proportion to living costs, and, hearing of a good many bonuses and increases here and there, we have tried to feel satisfied. Yet in nearly every day's newspapers appear accounts of threatened or actual strikes by teachers and of affiliation at various points with the American Federation of Labor. When we consider how averse the teachers, especially the college professors, have been to organizing in the manner of laborers in general, we must realize that events are moving onward or such steps would not have been taken. What the teachers would not do for added comforts they are now being forced to do for the mere necessities of existence. Once properly organized they will become a body of genuine importance and influence which must be heard.

Where, the public naturally and rather confusedly asks, are the needed funds to come from? There have been no inflated profits to share with the workers in this industry. And with the cost of living already too high and still rising, the prospect of a further increase seems hard to face. We do not need to answer that our annual waste on superfluous luxuries far exceeds the amount required to teach all the children all they can learn—though that is true. We may as well go squarely back to a point often made by President Eliot: American education has never cost enough; that is, we have never spent as much upon it as we might and should have spent. We have kept the school tax rates as low as possible, and so have accustomed ourselves to an expenditure which we now think normal, if not handsome, and consequently resent having to increase. The experience of the private schools and colleges is illuminating. Even in them it has rarely been the custom to charge any student as much as his teaching cost; and as it has been equally uncustomary to limit the attendance, deficits have thrived in all quarters. To meet the deficits, endowments have been sought and in many instances obtained. So far as these narrow palliatives go, so good. But even though in the private institutions the amounts now raised may meet immediate requirements, or the requirements for some years to come, there still remains the problem of public education. Something must be done. That something will have to be an increase in the rate of taxation for school purposes. What the increase is to be will determine the value we actually set upon education.

Fortunately we do not have to go again over the arguments brought against free public education a hundred years ago. We do not think that childless persons should be exempt from school taxes, nor that it is unjust to take a man's property from him to help educate his neighbor's children. The children of the nation, we realize, are a national asset,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if they are nothing else; and they must therefore be held a national charge. The step now to be taken is much less bold than that taken when taxes for free schools first began to be levied. The difference between schools and no schools is larger than the difference between good schools and mediocre schools. How much do we prefer good schools to mediocre? In a private family of any ideals or aspirations whatever, nothing is likely to have an earlier call upon the budget—after food and shelter—than the costs of schooling. For these most parents expect to set aside a large part of their income during the school-going years of their children. Everyone knows some family that has done more than to devote all its spare income to education; some family that has cut into its savings for what it rightly considers the most important investment it can make.

If this parallel suggests that the state make a levy upon capital for the purposes of education, it is not the fault of some heresy in the argument. It must be blamed to the doctrine, as widely accepted as the free school system itself, that the state owes to its children much the same responsibility as the parents owe. As a matter of fact, we see no call for such a capital levy in the United States. Taxation will support good schools if the public wants good schools. Possibly adequate taxation will have to be Federal, for the sake of certain backward communities in the South and in New England; but that is a detail. The first thing is to make it generally known that we have not been doing for American education what we thought we were doing. The next thing is to make up our minds to pay for what we have always said we wanted.

Art and Arms

ART and arms do not often consort. When they do, as in the A. E. F. art training center at Bellevue, France, inherent antagonisms are brought together; and, if one's definition of art attributes to it any competency to reveal life's significance and values, the conclusions from the conflict have wide application. Only under exceptional circumstances, of course, would the military essay an expedition into the fields of art. It was a device in behalf of morale; in other words it was to give soldiers without any war to fight something to do besides chafe at the delays necessarily incident to their return home and discharge from the army. Professional soldiers would have been without the qualifications of interest and ability necessary for students at an art-training center, but the "citizen-soldiery" of the American army furnished ample material for the general and special courses at Bellevue, at which 350 were enrolled during the three months of the school's existence.

As commandant, Major George H. Gray was the military head of the institution. In civilian life he is an architect in Louisville, Ky. In his official report he states:

> The students selected represented twenty-four grades of enlisted men and officers, from second lieutenant to major inclusive. One of the first acts of organization was to establish the policy of putting all students on the same military status in their studies, while observing the distinction between officers and enlisted men at all other times—officers and men messing, sleeping, and otherwise socially living apart. This common status in classes was necessary to avoid duplication of all the courses.

Thus officers and men still in an army with its hierarchy of command and with discipline written throughout its creed entered into a democracy of art. The report continues:

> From the scholastic point of view this worked out most satisfactorily; from the point of view of military discipline it resulted in an apparently insurmountable tendency to laxness as to military courtesies. These symptoms were aggravated by the fact that there were continual new arrivals over a long period of time, and that the men came, apparently, some from new and untrained organizations, and some from older and well-trained organizations.

"Well-trained" has reference evidently not to acquired expertness in the use of instruments of war, since there was no fighting to be done, but to the relative severity with which military discipline had been imposed. For discipline must be imposed, superimposed. Nature, the force and plan behind life, whatever it may be called, aims at diversity in action as in form of created life, in order that all possible types and combinations may compete for survival. And art, which aims to find, to reveal, and to expand life's meaning, must be untrammelled, and is essentially hostile to regimentation.

Major Gray perceived the conflict between art and discipline. He realized which must yield if art were to survive. He reports:

> Not only was it felt that there was not warrant for taking time from studies to correct these military defects, but it was further felt that the less there were of military restraints in evidence, the more would the student acquire of that freedom of imagination and unhampered mental attitude necessary to any artistic receptiveness and conception. It was essential, in short, to develop an artistic atmosphere.

Thus, in the presence of art, discipline abdicated, the commandant assisting the stiff dictator to descend. Then this officer turned to the logical alternative. Having renounced superimposed authority, he enlisted self-imposed control. He says:

> To achieve good conduct without obtrusive military restrictions the students were encouraged in self-government and to the greatest extent possible put on their honor.

A proposal for universal military training for the youth of America has been presented to Congress backed up by the approval of the Secretary of War. There are various points of view from which one may consider the results to be expected: that of national need for an army for defence of the country or its ideals; that of the wisdom of having our young men familiar with the tactics and instruments of war; that of the relative desirability of physical training under military and under other auspices; that of the effect of inculcating military discipline and the seeds of its philosophy in young men of nineteen and twenty. It is this last to which conclusions drawn from the experience at the A. E. F. art center will apply.

Military discipline was recognized as hostile to the free play of the faculties essential to artistic pursuits. This hostility is inherent. Artistic work is creative work. Creation is the act of causing a thought or thing to exist without pattern or instructions for forming it. It is, then, thought acting for the advancement of life—exploring and wresting from the wilderness new possessions for the human spirit. If military discipline is hostile to this process and direction of thought, shall one not ponder before he permits it to be imposed upon young men in their formative years?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Prussianization of Ireland

THE recent edict (announced in cable dispatches) forbidding the use or possession of automobiles or motor cycles, except by permit from the military authorities, is the latest development in the policy of repression, aggravation, and lawlessness by which the British Government is attempting to solve the Irish question. A compilation made in this country up to last September shows that during the three years previous there were fifty-eight persons killed by soldiers or police; 431 attacks by armed men on unarmed civilians; 5,859 raids on private houses; 5,394 arrests for political crimes; 1,998 sentences for such crimes; 2,076 persons deported; 524 court martial proceedings; 292 proclamations and suppressions of meetings, markets, sports, and the like; fifty-one newspapers suppressed, and in April, 1918, twenty-eight denied foreign circulation. Copies of Irish newspapers lately received in this country give an impressive survey of the results of reviving the Defense of the Realm Act in the island and show why much of Lord French's program is distrusted, if not condemned, by an increasing number of persons in England. The recent equipment of the constabulary with hand grenades, for instance, leads even a Unionist organ like *The Evening Standard* to suggest that "the authorities in Dublin Castle have entirely lost their heads."

Wanton acts by the police are frequent. *The Weekly Examiner* (Cork) says in its issue of September 13:

Michael McDonagh, son of ex-sergeant McDonagh, Roscrea, was fired at and wounded by police while driving a motor car, outside the village of Moneygall, on Sunday night. It appears that McDonagh was conveying a party from Nenagh to Roscrea, and, reaching the village between 8.30 and 9 o'clock, he was ordered to stop by four police. Apparently he was not able to pull up his car in time and two shots rang out. One struck the screen and the other entered McDonagh's breast, passing through his right lung. . . . The occupants of the motor car were Corporals P. and W. Rowland, Mrs. P. Rowland, Miss K. Rowland, and Mrs. Sands, Roscrea. Corporal W. Rowland told a press representative the motor was going slowly. When passing the police a shot rang out, smashing the wind screen, the glass of which fell on Miss Rowland. Corporal Rowland said he shouted not to fire as the car was pulling up. Before it stopped Rowland says he saw a policeman fire another shot, which struck McDonagh. They heard no warning. The police were taking aim again when his brother and himself stood up and asked what they meant. Shortly after the police left for the barracks, but returned subsequently. Miss Rowland says she heard no warning, and that the car was pulled up earlier in the day on its way to Nenagh, and then allowed to proceed. . . . Both soldiers say they were in uniform at the time of the occurrence.

In the same issue as that just alluded to one reads the following account of the behavior of soldiers:

Something in the nature of a local reign of terror in the Inchicone district culminated on Friday night last week in the shooting and wounding of some boys by soldiers. Complaints of the conduct of the soldiers stationed in the Richmond barracks have recently been made. It is stated that gangs of them have been going around at night, waylaying and beating young civilians whom they encountered, and it is asserted that even prior to Friday night revolver shooting was also indulged in. The scene of Friday night's occurrence was the Tyrconnel road and some of the streets off it, where a large number of Corporation workmen's dwellings have been erected. . . . The number of soldiers who participated is variously estimated at between half a dozen and a dozen. They wore the regimental badge K.O.R. on their shoulders.

Nationality (a Dublin publication recently suppressed) in its issue of August 23 says:

Last week we dealt with the case of Patrick Arkins, sentenced by Mr. Justice Dodd to seven years' penal servitude for injury to a wall. The extreme penalty for the offense with which Arkins was charged was, under the common law, a fine of £5. But Dodd and George MacSweeney, the Castle prosecutor, revived the Whiteboy Act in order to punish Arkins under it. This act, revived in 1913 by the leading journalistic supporter of the parliamentary party, has since been continued and is now being invoked against Sinn Feiners. . . . The brutal Whiteboy Act was born of the confiscation of the commons and bogs of Munster by a greedy landlordism which had neither right nor title to them. Until the beginning of the latter half of the eighteenth century commonages for grazing existed throughout Munster, and free bogs from which the fuel of the people could be taken for the labor involved were frequent. Without any claim in law or justice the Munster landlords proceeded to enclose the commonages and charge rent for grazing. . . . With the alternative of starving or fighting, the bolder spirits among the unhappy peasantry resolved to fight. They assembled and tore down the walls and fences enclosing the commonages. The English Government retorted with the infamous act making the "malicious prostration of a wall" a matter of imprisonment for life and public whipping.

In regard to the prohibition of fairs, markets, and sports, *The Weekly Freeman* of October 4 says:

It is evident that the authorities mean to vigorously enforce the terms of the recent proclamation prohibiting fairs, markets, meetings, and public assemblages in County Tipperary. The fact that a permit was granted for Carrick fair and that the Clonmel markets were not interfered with last week led to the hope that there would be a relaxation in East Tipperary, which enjoys an unique record for crimelessness and good order. Yesterday, however, it was officially stated that the restrictions would be strictly enforced. Even where permits have been sought for, permission to hold fairs has been refused. Sports of all kinds are banned, and even theatres work under temporary permits. Auctions are not allowed either, and permits for them have been refused.

In regard to this policy a *Manchester Guardian* special correspondent, telegraphing from Ennis, says:

The symptoms of the disorder of the Irish Government and its complete estrangement from the governed are pretty clear all over the land. The prohibition of the holding of markets in special military areas is a pure act of reprisal which must impose inconvenience and hardship on the mass of the population without really adding anything to the effectiveness of police measures. Its only result is to drive the dwindling band of constitutionalists and people who have never been afflicted by an active interest in Irish politics into the extreme ranks. Sinn Fein applauds each successive proclamation with enthusiasm. I think it has sincerely persuaded itself that Lord French is doing more for Republican propaganda than De Valera and the whole lot of Dail Eireann would ever hope to achieve.

Forty newspapers have been suppressed in Ireland in the last three years, according to a compilation lately made, so that knowledge of what is going on in the island from the native press promises to become more and more fragmentary and inadequate. Meanwhile, as *The Manchester Guardian* says, "There is really no limit short of the extermination of the Irish race to the policy of repression on which Lord French has embarked."

TEAGUE O'REGAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Map of Ireland Showing Result of General Election, December, 1918

(Reproduced from "Geographia," London)

CONSTITUENCIES WON

For Irish Republic and Self-Determination.. (Sinn Fein, 73; Nationalists, 6)	79
For Status Quo (Unionist Party).....	26
Total	105

VOTES CAST

For Irish Republic and Self-Determination.. (Sinn Fein, 971,945; Nationalists, 235,206)	1,207,151
For Status Quo (Unionist Party).....	308,713
Total	1,515,864

Of every 3 voters 2 voted for Irish Republic

Of every 5 voters 4 voted for Self-Determination

Only 1 voter in 5 voted for English Rule

RESULT OF ENGLISH RULE

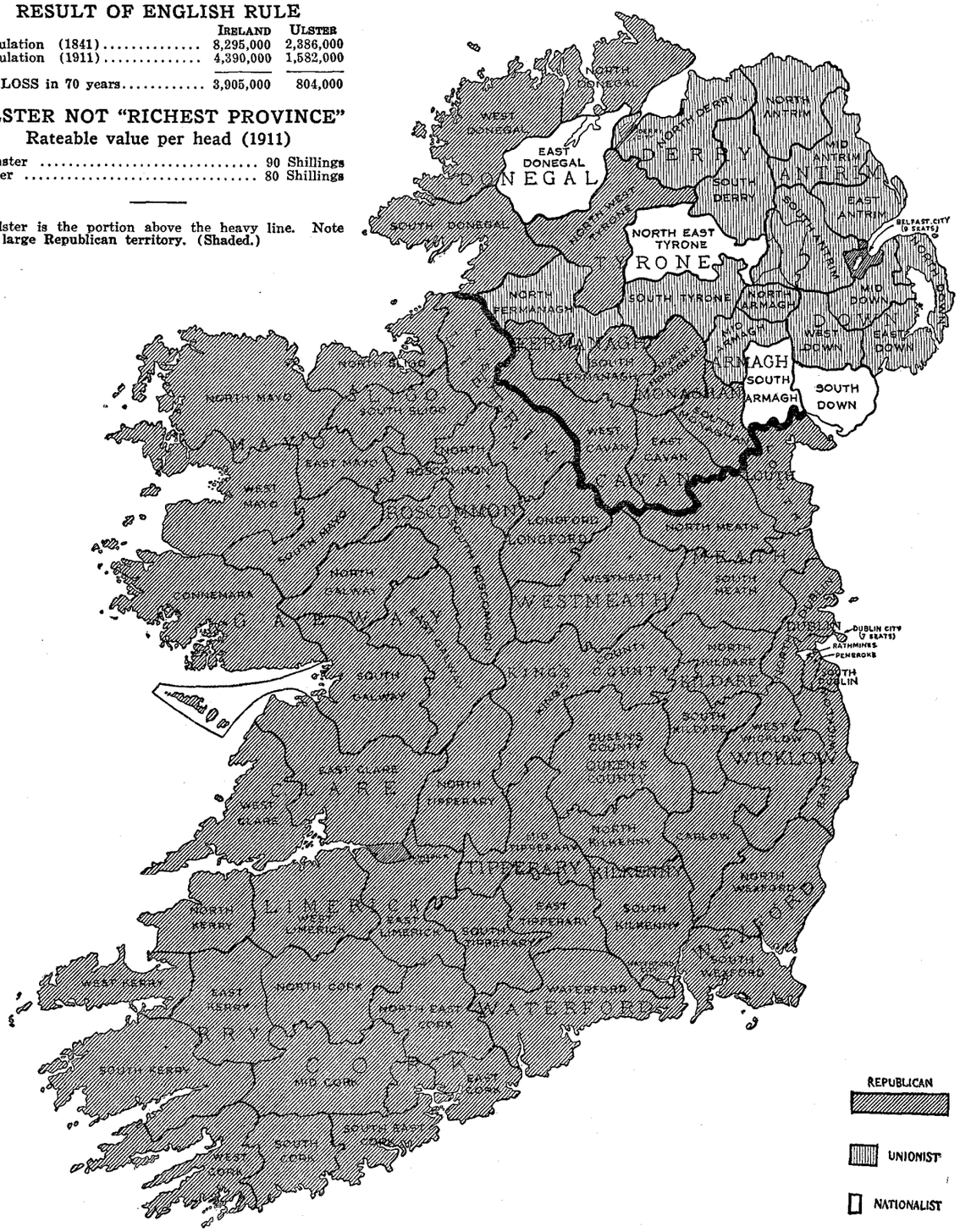
	Ireland	Ulster
Population (1841).....	8,295,000	2,386,000
Population (1911).....	4,390,000	1,582,000
LOSS in 70 years.....	3,905,000	804,000

ULSTER NOT "RICHEST PROVINCE"

Rateable value per head (1911)

Leinster	90 Shillings
Ulster	80 Shillings

Ulster is the portion above the heavy line. Note the large Republican territory. (Shaded.)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why We Should Leave Mexico Alone

By JOHN KENNETH TURNER

EVERY report of disorder, maladministration, destitution, confiscation, murder, or other outrage, and especially every one in which Americans figure as sufferers, is nowadays used to impress upon the conscience of the people that we are in some way obligated to send armed forces into Mexico to "straighten out" affairs there. We are told that we must send an army into Mexico to protect American lives. One answer to this is that such a course would not protect American lives, but would sacrifice them. Not only would the lives of Americans now in Mexico be in greater danger than ever before, but there is every reason to expect that far more Americans would fall in battle than the total number of Americans now resident in that country. Another answer is that Americans are now reasonably safe in Mexico, and always have been. The existing Mexican Government does not kill Americans nor incite its people to do so. Considering our various invasions, the absence of anti-American riots is nothing short of amazing. Some Americans have been killed, nearly all of them by outlaws in isolated districts where they persisted in going, sometimes against the advice of the Mexican Government and even of the American Government.

The list of Americans killed in Mexico in a period of eight years, made public by our Ambassador in July, totaled only 217. This number includes members of our military forces killed during our various invasions. It includes Americans who were members of Mexican rebel forces. It includes Americans who were killed by American citizens. It includes Americans who were killed presumably by members of a rebel force that was paid and supported by American oil corporations. It includes Americans murdered in a rage by a bandit leader who had been supported and then abandoned by the Government of the United States.

During these same eight years the murders of Americans, Mexicans, and other "nationals" in our own country run into the thousands. They include over four hundred lynchings, a number of bloody race riots, and numerous homicides committed for the sake of robbery. They include a far greater number of Mexicans killed by Americans than the number of Americans killed in the same period in Mexico. (Of course the total number of Mexicans in the United States is many times greater than the total number of Americans in Mexico.) Following the Villa raid, in 1916, numbers of peaceful, unoffending, and defenseless Mexicans, many of them small farmers on the American side of the border, were murdered by border rangers, local police officers, or others intent upon "making the Mexicans pay for Villa's raid," or "making this a white man's country." According to a report of an investigator appointed by Colonel H. J. Slocum, U. S. A., rendered February 12, 1918, "the number of victims thus sacrificed in southwest Texas by such peace officers assuming the powers of a court of justice will probably never be known, though I understand that Attorney F. C. Pierce holds a list with names of nearly three hundred." This report was printed in full in the April, 1918, *Mexican Review*, published at Washington.

So long as we do not fully protect Mexican lives in American territory, how can we insist that Mexico fully protect American lives in Mexican territory? So long as we are incapable of fully protecting American lives in American territory, how can we expect to be able fully to protect American lives in Mexican territory? The way to protect American lives is to protect them, and not to sacrifice them. What the interventionists are asking us to do is to sacrifice American lives, under the pretext of protecting them. It is obvious that the interventionists cannot be concerned for American lives as such, that the protection of American lives is not the real issue.

What, then, is the real issue? Is it principle? Is it the principle that America is bound to use its armed forces to protect the lives of American citizens in other countries, regardless of the measure of our ability to protect them at home? Every effort is being made to impress the public with this view. Like every other pro-intervention argument, it will not bear examination. If we assume this obligation for ourselves, we should have to concede the right of our neighbors to assume it on behalf of their citizens. Would we concede the right of Italy to send an army into Pennsylvania to protect striking Italians from being murdered by Steel Trust gunmen? To do so would be to abandon American sovereignty. It is a function of government in the United States to protect the lives of foreigners as well as citizens here to the best of its ability. It is a function of government in Mexico to protect the lives of foreigners as well as citizens there to the best of its ability. No government on earth perfectly discharges this function. If one government happens, for a period, to discharge it a little better than a neighbor, that does not give it a right to extend its authority to the territory of the neighbor. It is, however, a question whether Mexican lives are safer in Texas than American lives are in Mexico. Certainly there are other countries in which Americans are habitually safer than foreigners are in the United States. It is an immoral rule that does not work both ways. As we are bound to maintain our own sovereignty, so are we bound, by every consideration of international law and ethics, scrupulously to respect the sovereignty of our neighbors.

American citizens have had a long time in which to save their lives by getting out of dangerous parts of Mexico. Why do they remain there? Only one answer has ever been heard to this question: they remain there for business reasons. In this answer is acknowledged the real issue. For business reasons, there are Americans who are willing to risk not only the lives of their employees, and sometimes of themselves, but also the lives of thousands of other Americans who would be sent to "protect" them. It is impossible to deny this fact. It is good and sufficient explanation of the phenomenon that the fountain-head of the interventionist propaganda is not some humanitarian or charitable institution, but an association of banking, mining, and other corporations whose primary reason for being is to make money for themselves. Of course the gentlemen who speak for this association put forward a variety of arguments intended to convince the public that their own business interest in this matter is also the interest of the public, even the interest of the Mexican people and of humanity. Otherwise there would be scant hope of ever realizing their program.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We are assured, variously, that we could and would "restore order" in Mexico, "clean up" the bandits and grafters, give the Mexicans good government, and improve their economic conditions; that, anyhow, Mexico is "our job under the Monroe Doctrine," and that if we do not compel Mexico to discharge her "international obligations," England or some other country will do so, involving us in trouble with the latter; that Mexico is in danger of falling under the control of Germany or Japan, which would constitute a menace to our own safey. Cuba is held up as a shining example of how we might set up a "stable government" of natives and then unselfishly withdraw. Finally, we are told that the general welfare is somehow bound up in the private interests of Americans abroad, and that we are under obligation to protect those interests at whatever cost either to Mexicans or to ourselves.

All such arguments are based upon misapprehensions of one kind or another; all are fallacious. We are told that we must send an army into Mexico to restore order. One answer to this is that the disorder in Mexico has been greatly exaggerated. Another answer is that we have not yet satisfactorily worked out the task of maintaining order at home, and the difficulties of keeping order in a foreign country would be infinitely greater. Still another answer is that past efforts we have made to restore order in other countries have not been a brilliant success.

Our ability to restore order in Mexico would depend largely upon the sort of welcome we should receive from the Mexicans. If our efforts were resented and opposed—as they certainly would be—it is obvious that there would at once be a great deal more disorder than ever before. We should have a war on our hands to begin with, and after that a condition of "banditry" infinitely more aggravated than the present one. Every Mexican patriot would turn "bandit," and we should have to resort to atrocious methods to exterminate the "bandits."

The experience of the present and the past is against any theory that we could "restore order" within any reasonable period. We sent an expedition in force to "catch Villa." It returned unsuccessful at the end of eleven months and only after the expenditure of $100,000,000 of the people's money. American forces have been fighting, unlawfully, to "restore order" in Haiti ever since July, 1915, and in Santo Domingo ever since May, 1916, but order is far from restored in either. If we are incapable of "ending banditry" with the iron heel in these countries, how can we expect to succeed in a similar effort in Mexico, whose power of resistance is incomparably greater?

We are told that we could "set up a stable government" without a war of conquest. But if the Mexicans should resist, how could we set up any kind of government until after a war of conquest? Having set up our stable government, by what means would we maintain it except the continuous application of the same measures of violence by which we had set it up? The government that we would set up in Mexico, whether administered by Mexicans or by Americans, would, naturally, be a government designed to suit ourselves—that is, to suit the political and military leaders who would have "the job" in hand, and especially the financial interests which furnished the motive for the enterprise. The theory that we could at once withdraw is based on the assumption that this kind of government would also suit the Mexicans. Where is the warrant for such an assumption? If the Mexicans wanted that kind of government, it is probable that they would have already established it themselves—and the present friction would not exist.

As has been seen, one of the stock assertions of the intervention propaganda is that the Mexicans do not want the government that they have at present. A conclusive answer to it is found in the history of the rise to power of the present government and its perpetuation. The Carranza party attained its dominating position not suddenly and by a military coup, but slowly, superseding a government which had come into possession of the military and financial resources of the country. It survived plots and counter-plots, personal revolts and counter-revolutions heavily backed by money and influence beyond the border. It rose triumphant in spite of the persistent enmity of influential foreigners and the unfriendly meddling of foreign governments. Carranza personally was never a military hero nor a brilliant orator; he is advanced in years; he wears whiskers; he was connected with the old régime. These circumstances would invalidate any theory that the present government achieved success on the personality of its leader.

Having overthrown the present government, therefore, and having set up our "stable government," what would become of the latter the moment we attempted to withdraw? It would either fall or it would find a revolution on its hands. It would prove to be unstable. We could insure its stability only by remaining and supporting it with arms. The idea that we could "set up a stable government" in Mexico and then withdraw is a delusion. The idea that we could remain and establish a régime that would benefit the Mexican people is equally a delusion. It is hardly beneficial to a country to kill thousands of its most intelligent and progressive citizens, which would certainly be done.

Nor is there any reason to believe that the government we would impose would be any more honest, democratic, or in any way more beneficent than the government that we would overthrow. Our governments in Haiti and Santo Domingo are military despotisms. There is no freedom of speech or of the press, no political liberty of any kind. In Nicaragua, which we have absolutely controlled since 1912, conditions are quite as bad. We essayed to set up a "stable government" in this "sister Republic." The only way we have found to keep it "stable" is to keep the population forever under our guns. Under our beneficent rule the Nicaraguans have no freedom of expression, no political liberty of any sort. The Nicaraguan elections, as "supervised" by American forces, are as much a farce as the elections staged in Mexico in the darkest days of the Diaz despotism. Americans governed Vera Cruz for seven months, but they did not give the Mexicans a free press. General Funston suppressed Mexican newspapers in Vera Cruz. We have not given self-government to Porto Rico or the Virgin Islands. In 1917 we landed forces in Cuba to support a government that had perpetuated itself by fraud.

A prominent American, in urging the righteousness of our Haitian adventure, declared: "What those people need more than anything else is for us to teach them *honest government.*" Is this gentleman from New York or San Francisco, Pittsburgh or Chicago, St. Louis or Seattle, Philadelphia or Indianapolis, Cincinnati or Terre Haute? Is he a Representative or a Senator? Where is he from, if he has found honest government in the United States?

"But the Monroe Doctrine at least requires us to compel Mexico to observe her international obligations." What

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

obligations? The obligation to pay her external debts? The Mexican Government has not repudiated any part of its foreign debt. It has only asked its creditors to be patient. The Mexican Government has repeatedly announced its determination to pay all legitimate foreign claims of whatever kind. A number of our American States have repudiated their foreign debts at various times, and the British bondholders are still unpaid. Would we consent to a British military occupation of the United States for the collection of these debts? The "international obligation" argument is based upon a misapprehension of international law. Even should Mexico repudiate her foreign debts and enter upon a general policy of nationalization of private property, we should not be justified in attacking her. In using force to compel Mexico to observe her international obligations we should be violating one of our international obligations, an obligation greater than any Mexico would infringe—the obligation to respect Mexican sovereignty.

There is, however, a policy, popular in Big Business circles and in Democratic and Republican party camps, which masquerades under the name of the Monroe Doctrine—sometimes termed the "new" Monroe Doctrine—which would commit America to such a course. "We want Mexico." That is the kernel of the matter, and it comes out, at times, in just those words. This argument depends for its favor upon a mental confusion as to the application of the pronoun "we." If we conquered Mexico, a horde of political job-hunters would settle into soft nests; naval and military officers would receive promotion; army and navy contractors would wax fat; existing American holdings would increase in value; opportunities for profit-making enterprises would multiply. But what would all this mean to the vast majority of the American people?

I take the following from the testimony of E. L. Doheny, a leading spirit of the National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico, and the largest producer of Mexican oil (Senate Foreign Relations Sub-Committee Hearing on Mexican Affairs, Page 254, September 11, 1919):

> The British Government then saw [when it grabbed Mesopotamia] the necessity of holding for its citizens and for the "glory of the Empire" the great oil resources, even though it had to obtain them by what might be considered questionable means, and I say today that the United States ought to hold for its industries and for its people—the people who use the flivver, as well as the people who ride in the limousine—the oil lands that are owned and have been acquired by Americans anywhere in the world, and they should not be allowed to be confiscated by any government, whether it be British, Mexican, or any other.

This is perhaps as plausible a phrasing as can be of the grab-whatever-you-want-wherever-it-is theory of national interest and international morality. It involves, however, a number of erroneous assumptions. Applied to the matter in hand, it involves, first, the assumption that Mexican oil is essential to the life of the American nation. This assumption is absurd so long as domestic oil is exported in large quantities and is wasted in production in very much larger quantities. If the Government of the United States "ought to hold for its industries and for its people" any oil lands anywhere, it would seem evident that it ought first to "hold" the lands that are already under the American flag, where war is not a part of the process; that it ought to look first to the effective conservation of the domestic supply, which is being wasted by the very gentlemen who are urging our duty to make a great grab from our neighbor.

In going to war to "protect American property" in Mexico we should spend far more of the people's money than the aggregate value of all the holdings that the war was intended to protect. Would it not be better, then, for the nation to buy out our patriotic citizens having investments in Mexico—to pay every American dollar back, not merely every dollar that has actually been invested, but every dollar that any American might declare he had invested, rather than to spend an equal sum and send tens of thousands of Americans and Mexicans to their deaths besides? Of course I am not advocating this alternative. Indeed, it is doubtful if the patriotic gentlemen would accept it. They would demand pay not only for their investments, but for their prospects, which they value even more highly—and for which they wish you to risk your skins. They are not risking their own skins, and will not do so. What they want is for you to risk your skins and your property to protect their prospects, under the misapprehension that patriotism demands it.

The Doheny theory—which is only a form of stating the theory of imperialism—assumes that the national interests are something different from what they are. It assumes that international law is not what it is. It assumes that the sovereignty of a country extends to the persons and property of its citizens wherever they may be, which is not true. It overlooks the fact that Mexico is a sovereign state, and that the Mexican nation, acting through the Mexican Government, has first call upon the resources of Mexico; that it has the right to control, tax, or use those resources as it sees fit, in accordance with its own views of the general welfare, and without dictation or interference from any outside power. Shorn of all humbug, the Doheny theory amounts to this, that the American Government ought to grab for American capitalists anything anywhere that they may happen to lay claim to, regardless of the rights or interests either of the American people or the people of any other country.

For every interventionist argument there are a number of good and sufficient answers. One answer to all of them is the book of faith by which we professed to be guided in entering and prosecuting the war "to make the world safe for democracy." It may be painful at this time to recall the articles of that book of faith, as they were enunciated by the President of the United States. But whatever discrepancies there may be between the President's promises and his performances, and whatever may be the causes thereof, the President was not alone in swearing allegiance to these principles. The President's words were endorsed and echoed by every one of the rich gentlemen, every one of the newspapers, and every one of the politicians who are now asking the country to approve a program of intervention in Mexico, as well as by every one else who joined in the cry of "Stand behind the President," or participated in any way in the war propaganda.

Wherefore, any repudiation or belittlement of these principles now by any one who claimed allegiance to them during the war is nothing less than a confession of having deliberately participated in a conspiracy of deception, involving the death of 75,000 young Americans on foreign battlefields and in military camps, the grievous maiming of a quarter of a million others, the expenditure of thirty-odd billions of the people's money, and the submission of 100,000,000 to countless forms of suffering and sacrifice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEREA, OHIO

George Eliot: 1819-1919

By FREDERICK TUPPER

At least three living critics of widely different tempers —Gosse, Brownell, Dawson—sorrowfully mark the lapse of George Eliot's vogue, the steady set-back of her fame, the neglect into which she has "indubitably" fallen. And they are seemingly at one in their explanation of this alleged phenomenon. Her decline in favor is due to her purely intellectual point of view. In her earliest period as a story-teller she succeeded in freeing her mind, stuffed full of the dull pedantries of her previous activity, from the trammels of philosophy and theology; then closing her eyes to the life about her she relapsed into blue-stockingism and became a pythoness, enthroned in ponderous self-sufficiency. Had she begun to write fiction twenty years before her first story, and ceased twenty years before her death, she would have been a far greater writer. Now things as they are and were seem in no way to warrant either the dismal conclusion or the deprecatory premises. Though the novels of George Eliot are no longer the staple of generous discussion and debate, as when fresh from the press in the eager youth of our now melancholy reviewers, yet the liberal circulation of the broken-backed and dismembered volumes of town libraries, the large allotment of space to her life and work in literary histories, quite as ample as the share of Dickens or of Thackeray, the currency of her tales in school and college classrooms and, more significantly still, the general assumption of a knowledge of her characters—not to know the chief of these is to argue oneself unknown—provoke no wail of "Ichabod." And the off-hand attempt to feature her literary life as a struggle between two selves, the agreeable rustic writer with a fine sympathy and a charming humor and the learned woman touched with the blighting spirit of pedantry—a struggle in which head prevails over heart—gains small support from a study of her spiritual evolution. Indeed a close survey of her teens amid the conventions and traditions of a Warwickshire country home, of her twenties in a Coventry circle, steeped in speculative doubts and ventures, of her thirties in the London air of social and religious emancipation, brings us comforting and confident assurance that these diverse periods and elements in her training all lent helpful not hurtful contributions to the well-rounded achievement of her middle and later time. She came to her work in the full ripening of her powers.

Born one hundred years ago (on November 22, 1819) and bred in a farm-house of the Midlands, Mary Ann Evans passed her youth—the words are her own—"among the mixed commonalty, roughing it with them under difficulties, knowing how their food tastes to them and getting acquainted with their notions and motives not by inference from traditional types in literature or from philosophic theories, but from daily fellowship and observation." Hence when she drew later the rural themes of her fiction from her own remotest past, her mind worked with the utmost freedom. Among her Coventry companions, those Heynells and Brays of the middle century with whom she voyaged through strange seas of thought, she acquired four traits that characterize all her work: an ardent desire to know the truth and a shrinking fear of error; a large-hearted tolerance of the early belief that she had herself lost and of all other faiths and creeds that men sincerely cherish; a deep sense of that inviolable moral principle, known to her and her friends as "the inexorable law of consequences," which sways not only our own lives, but all human history; and a strong feeling for other people's wants and sorrows. In all her writing as a reviewer on the staff of *The Westminster* intense sympathy and fierce intolerance of egoism are as dominant as mental breadth, analytic power, and hatred of what she wittily calls "the pedagogic fallacy" in the contemplation of nature. Here the essayist directly anticipates the novelist. In her discussion of Riehl she scores those faulty artists who pervert "our sympathy with the perennial joys and struggles, the toil, the tragedy and the humor in the life of our more heavily laden fellowmen" by idyllic pictures of peasant life. In her essay "Worldliness and Other Worldliness" she contrasts the poet Young's religious egoism, didacticism, lack of sympathetic emotion, and radical insincerity as an artist with Cowper's unselfish warmth of feeling and scrupulous truthfulness in "that close and vivid presentation of particular sorrows and privations, of particular deeds and misdeeds, which is the direct road to the emotions"—an accurate forecast of her own achievement in fiction. She commends Heine for his simple pathos and his ever-varied but always natural expression of the tender emotions. And she condemns Dr. Cumming for his egoistic complacency and pretension and seeming indifference to "the sweet charities of domestic life, the forbearance towards frailties, the prompt helpfulness in all efforts and sympathy in all joys." In the idea of God as "an extension and multiplication of the effects produced by human sympathy" George Eliot seems very close to her master Comte's positive philosophy, which exalts Humanity into the throne of the Great Being and seeks the regeneration of society in the heartiest development of the sympathetic instincts, in the victory of the social feeling over self-love, of altruism over egoism—the inspiration of her stories yet unborn. There is small wonder that the man who knew and loved her best, George Lewes, the "devoted husband" of many later dedications, discovered in these *Westminster* papers her "wit, description and philosophy," and doubtless something far better than these, her humanity, and guided her into the paths of the novel.

When George Eliot began to write stories just after she and the nineteenth century had passed the middle of their way in life, English fiction was worshiping at the shrine of Our Lady of Tears. For all victims of man's inhumanity and persecution the divinity interceded with womanly tenderness, and over slums and factories and schools and prisons and asylums she brooded sorrowfully. Her heart-throbs of compassion were vibrant in the voices of Kingsley, Dickens, and Reade, when they pleaded for the unhappy poor, the neglected child, the outraged weakling, the tortured criminal. Yet we somehow feel her gracious presence nearest when she speaks in the accents of her most gifted daughters of seventy years ago; in the eager tones of Charlotte Brontë, mistress of the psychology of passionate suffering, as she reveals with exquisite sensitiveness to pain the lot of the friendless and obscure; and in the vividly emotional utterance of Elizabeth Gaskell, as her sovereign pity marks the contrast between the dark ill-smelling cellars of Manchester, filthy with stagnant moisture, and old-fashioned

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country-gardens, where roses and currant-bushes touch each other. Into this sisterhood of sympathy came readily the woman whose "experience and development deepened every day the conviction that our moral progress may be measured by the degree with which we sympathise with individual suffering and individual joy." George Eliot's essays, letters, note books, and those discursive chapters in her novels that are laden with green-room confidences all reveal the assured belief that sympathy not only with the historical life of man but with the monotonous existences of commonplace men, is the key to our knowledge of others. Brunetière, in his very fruitful discussion of George Eliot's fiction, rightly finds in such sympathy of the heart and the intelligence the very soul of English naturalism.

Around the mature woman, as she hesitatingly began her task as novelist, clustered many memories of the people among whom she was bred—struggling, erring, human creatures, souls that look out through dull grey eyes and speak in voices of quite ordinary tones. The poetry and pathos, the tragedy and comedy of simple lives—the sorrows of a curate passing poor on eighty pounds a year, the misshaping of a worthy rector's nature by the loss of his early love, the persecution of an evangelical clergyman, all these motives amid a humming chorus of humorous village gossip—are the themes of her "Scenes of Clerical Life." Such sketches as these appeal not only to our sentiment of brotherhood but, drab and humdrum though they seem, to our sense of a beauty deeper than that of form and color. Love gives her an insight into the hearts of the mixed beings of an English countryside, and a passion for truth—than which there is nothing stronger—preserves her from false emotions and stock traditions, indeed from all preconceived notions of life and character. "To present the object of her compassion truthfully" is her purpose always; and she attains unto truth not only by the patient watching of external fact, but by an intense susceptibility to revelations of the spirit. "Great, great truths," she once said, "have struggled to find a voice through me, and have only been able to speak brokenly." The precept and the practice of her realism are in close accord. Condemning deservedly the creator of Little Nell and Paul Dombey for the transcendent unreality of his treatment of the emotional and tragic, she herself is never more sincere and unaffected than in the simple pathos of Milly Barton's death bed. Criticising Mrs. Gaskell unmeritedly for her alleged desertion of the subdued coloring and the half-tints of real life, she is herself no lover of the glaring sunlight of romantic contrasts and melodramatic effects, but moves habitually under a grey heaven. Truth is ever her vaunt. "'Adam Bede' is so true." "The 'Mill' has more thought and a profounder veracity than 'Adam.'" "In 'Romola' every sentence was written with my best blood and with an ardent care for veracity." For the rare precious quality of truthfulness she delights in many Dutch paintings, in those faithful pictures of a monotonous homely existence, and scorns the clever novelist who creates a world so much better than this in which we get up in the morning to do our daily work.

Truth of character, truth of dialogue, truth of description! Living a great deal among people inconspicuous even in their little world of northern Warwickshire, she knows the prototypes of her persons as father, brother, aunt, neighbors, and evinces in a thousand apt touches the quickness and clearness of her observation. As indelibly as Charlotte Brontë, she records, in the story of an imaginative girl's inner life, spiritual impressions of her own younger time. Unlike the Brontës, whose conversations are often pitched in a key above nature, she puts into the mouths of her men and women in hall or tavern or farm a vocabulary always convincingly characteristic of each speaker's life and limitations. Indeed no Victorian novelist treads more naturally and easily than she both the broad highway of childhood's talk and the winding paths of ripely reasoned discourse—contrast her dramatic give and take with Bulwer Lytton's untimely monologues. The remark is inevitable that in Thomas Hardy alone are we regaled by a rustic humor that matches hers; and even in his Wessex we shall seek in vain for so rich a yield of proverbial philosophy as Mrs. Poyser's homely wisdom, or for such bedrock of imperturbable sanity as Dolly Winthrop's sum of life. With description George Eliot's fiction began. In early life she had written "an introductory chapter describing a Staffordshire village and the life of the neighboring farm-houses" and she had long felt that she would be at ease in the descriptive parts of a novel. Significantly enough, her publisher, Blackwood, objected that the characters of "Amos Barton" were explained too much by description, instead of being allowed to evolve in the action of the story. Yet who would forego the searching analysis which probes far below the surface of Barton's indefinite features, of Dinah's transparent whiteness and Hetty's rosy blushes, of Romola's stately carriage and Tito's boyish charm, and deftly anatomizes the inner man or woman, not only mind but heart, with a mingling of Jane Austen's coolness and Charlotte Brontë's thoroughness? Seth Bede's stoop, Will Ladislaw's smile, Dorothea Brooke's short-sightedness—each suggests its story. Her full-length sketches of background, Shepperton Church, Dorlcote Mill, Hayslope, and Raveloe are instinct with life and sympathy. And her eager perception of nature flashes forth in the metaphors of man, symbols of human thought and action, derived from the realm of bird and beast and plant—like the poor lopped oak of Mr. Gilfil's epilogue. It has been observed that her persons, in their moments of crisis, are so sensitive to the aspects of the natural world about them as readily to impute sympathy on the part of the local scene. This is dramatic description at its best and truest.

The chief element of drama in George Eliot's stories is moral struggle. Large experience had taught her that there is no human being, however humble or insignificant, whose life is not a battle-ground of good and evil, of joy and misery. Everywhere in her stories is waged the spiritual contest between egoism and altruism, self-love and self-sacrifice. Every action, however trivial, is pregnant with consequences not only to the protagonist in its influence upon the evolution of character, but to all the persons of the drama. Her creatures are not, like Hardy's, the inevitable victims of hereditary weaknesses, but the passions which spin the plot are evolved from causes potent in earlier generations—else how explain the Tullivers or Dorothea Brooke? As in George Meredith, the triumph of the fighter is assured, unless he is betrayed by the false within. "It always remains true that, if we had been greater, circumstances would have been less strong against us." The ethical formula dear to Mrs. Gaskell before her, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it," is a ruling motive of her fiction. Whatever is attained is won through inward struggle and self-conquest in behalf of the larger good. Man must bear a conscience and feel the sublime promptings to do the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

painful right; he must accept the guidance of that supremely hallowed motive which men call duty—the one thing that gives dignity to life. Her themes are "the passionate *cruces* of life in which duty and inclination come readily to the grapple." Hers is the definite and imperative strain of Wordsworth's great Puritan ode. Virtue is no primrose path of dalliance, but a rough and thorny way. In subjection to righteous law is man's only freedom. Yet this lesson of a noble bondage is not conveyed by the novelist didactically as an abstract theory, but is crystallized in the manifold concrete forms of vivid human experience. Æsthetic teaching George Eliot recognized as the highest of all teaching because it deals with life in its highest complexity. But, as she said, "if it ceases to be purely æsthetic, if it lapses anywhere from the picture to the diagram, it becomes the most offensive of all teaching." She is not the less an artist when most the moralist.

First she wrought and afterwards she taught. Her gospel of duty, peremptory and absolute, was ever her own rule of life as a writer. The sense of artistic and moral responsibility weighted her so heavily that composition was never, as with that most indecorous of her critics, the invalid Stevenson, a joyous consolation, but, in both her early and her later time, a melancholy labor. She is "a prisoner in the castle of Giant Despair, who growls in her ear that 'The Mill on the Floss' is detestable and that the last volume will be the climax of general detestableness." In the making of "Romola" she repeatedly "gets into such a state of wretchedness attempting to concentrate her thoughts on the story that she becomes desperate." "Daniel Deronda" "seems to her so unlikely ever to be finished in a way that will make it worth giving to the world that it is a kind of glass in which she beholds her infirmities." But the critical attempt to bring into causal connection this depression that dogged her always and her alleged weakness of external invention leaps lightly over two great gaps of logic. Sensational incidents —seductions, drownings, murders, and all manner of sudden deaths—recur as frequently in her stories as in the leisurely tales of seemingly matter-of-fact De Morgan. In "The Mill on the Floss" interest of plot is frankly sacrificed to interest of character, yet the catastrophe which Brunetière and others dispraise furnished the initial inspiration of the story —for her culmination is often her starting point—and the last eleven pages were "written in a *furor*" in a single morning. Moreover, as she tells us, her novels have their way with her, and not she with them. "When a subject has begun to grow in me, I suffer terribly until it has wrought itself out, become a complete organism; and then it seems to take wing and go away from me." Mark that this convincing account of a spontaneous growth was written just after the completion of "Middlemarch," in which the pedant is roundly declared by more than one critic to have mastered the artist.

The commonplace of recent criticism that George Eliot's later stories betray a sad decadence finds small warrant in fact. Even were it true that her genius was so closely allied with the *genius loci* of her country home that the two spirits took flight together, shall we forget that "Middlemarch" is a study of the provincial life of her young environment far more searching and intimate than her early impressions of St. Ogg's? The great epic has its moments of tedium, its lapses of detail—what novel of its scale has not?—but the imputation of pedantry to the judicious dissector of the dry bones of Mr. Casaubon displays an exaggerated sense of irony coupled with a popular resentment of the author's high seriousness. The characters of "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda" have doubtless a different genesis from those of the first novels. In "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss" actual men and women of her neighborhood suggested outlines or traits of this or that creation; the figure of Silas Marner was revealed as in a dream and was deliberately divested later of its legendary glamor; while at the last she tried to make certain ideas incarnate, as if they had revealed themselves first in the flesh and not in the spirit. Her mature method of beginning with moods, thoughts, and passions and then of inventing a story for their sake resulted not only in those most subtle and delicate of her studies of moral and spiritual development, Dorothea in her self-devotion and Gwendolen in her repentance, but in an harmonious blending of many diverse elements. How largely and yet how minutely her later books are planned! None of George Eliot's heroines count greater gains of spirit than she in her ascent during twenty years of widening thought from sympathetic companionship with lowly cottagers in the vale to those heights of prophetic vision which revealed to the clear sight of the only eye among the blind in that hour the restoration of the chosen people to the ancient home of the race.

Turn now for a moment from George Eliot's novels to her poems and mark the unity of moral purpose that pervades all her work and life. Among these verses there is but one little thing that has touched the popular consciousness. Yet in them are many of the motives of her prose fictions: in the autobiographical "Brother and Sister Sonnets," the delightful incidents of that Warwickshire childhood which begot Tom and Maggie Tulliver; in the lofty rhetoric of "The Spanish Gypsy," the power of heredity, the dominance of duty, the temper of self-sacrifice which she so often cases in flesh and blood; and in "The Minor Prophet," her unvarying sympathy with the faulty human types and dear imperfect things that move smiles and tears. To the reader of the present, deism is neither more nor less assertive in Addison's famous hymn than positivism in George Eliot's "Choir Invisible."' She has in our own day and hour fulfilled her hope to be of those "immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence" and enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love, beget the smiles that have no cruelty.

In this hour of economic adjustment and social unrest we need George Eliot, as Wordsworth's age needed Milton. If she does not give us manners, virtue, freedom, power, she constantly proclaims the idea of duty, the recognition of something to be lived for beyond the mere satisfaction of self, the principle of subordination and self-mastery, the value of a man's faith in the result of a brave, honest, and steady use of all his faculties, the necessity of tolerance and just allowance; she registers her protest against the too hasty wresting of measures which seem to promise an immediate, partial relief, and records her belief in the dependence of men upon each other and in their sense of a common interest in preventing injury; she disclaims all superiority to commonplace folk and celebrates the pathos and preciousness of inconspicuous lives; and finally she chants "the slow contagion of the good" and extols pity and fairness as the two little words which embrace the utmost delicacies of the moral life. These are her teachings—distinct vivid ideas, warmed to life in the clear flame of her mind, then clad in human garb and given human voices.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Correspondence

Helping France to Help Itself

Paris, September 30

THE recent announcement of a proposed hundred-million-dollar "drive" in the United States in aid of reconstruction in France has aroused conflicting emotions in American relief circles in Paris, and has not, so far as I can learn, been received with enthusiasm anywhere. No one who knows conditions as they actually are in the devastated parts of France will be inclined to minimize the difficulty or the gravity of the problem which the rehabilitation of a wrecked social fabric presents; and there is certainly no disposition to criticise the motives or to question the sincere goodwill of American friends who seek to help France in its great need. The arbitrary way in which the American Red Cross, however, in the winter of 1917-18, imposed its domination upon the numerous societies which at that time were carrying on various kinds of relief work in France has not been forgotten; and there is justifiable fear lest another great consolidated enterprise such as is now, apparently, contemplated may be more productive of machinery, officials, and red tape than of helpful results, and may incline the present dilatory French Government to lean still more upon American aid in directions where it ought to improve its own methods and utilize its own resources.

I have recently been studying on the spot the work of an American organization whose methods, notwithstanding the fact that it is expending more than a million dollars a year, are an admirable illustration of one of the ways in which America can best help France to help itself. I refer to the American Committee for Devastated France. The beginning of this enterprise dates back to June, 1917, when a group of ten American women, headed by Miss Anne Morgan and Mrs. A. M. Dike, were authorized by General Pétain to establish themselves at the old château of Blerancourt, some fifty miles northeast of Paris on the western edge of the Department of the Aisne, there to do what they could for the relief of the villagers whom the German advance had left homeless and bereft. Here, in a region once the garden spot of northern France, but whose dreary desolation, once the war had swept over it, no words can adequately depict, these pioneers of American friendliness settled down among the people to live their lives, share their burdens, relieve their immediate distresses, and help as best they might in the hard work of restoring the community and family life that had been destroyed. With the aid of funds contributed in America, provision was made of tools, seed, and elementary household furnishings; gardens were planted, orchards set out, poultry and livestock brought in, and a few shops opened. By March, 1918, more than 800 families had been reëstablished on a basis of partial self-support, and 500 children had been cared for.

Then came the renewed German advance. Blerancourt was evacuated. The motor cars of the Committee, driven by women who for days together had no opportunity to remove their clothing and whose only sleep was such as could be snatched in their cars, worked day and night carrying refugees to designated points behind the French lines, and transporting wounded soldiers to temporary hospitals or canteens which the Committee set up. The children, a special charge, were sent to safety at Boullay-Thierry. Day after day, until the counter-thrust of Foch began in June, the members of the Committee kept pace with the retreat, removing the civil population, saving livestock and supplies, caring for refugees, and ministering to the needs of thousands of soldiers daily in its temporary canteens. A temporary home for refugees and a workshop for women were opened in Paris. In all of this work the Committee acted, as it has continued to act since the armistice, in cordial coöperation with both civil and military authorities.

The portion of the Department of the Aisne which the Committee at present has in charge had, before the war, a population of upwards of 50,000. Some of the communes, like Vic-sur-Aisne, Blerancourt, and Laon are, or rather were, substantial towns with compact populations, various thriving industries, and an active local trade. The larger number, on the other hand, are small country villages of the usual French type. Over all, large and small, the scourge of war passed and repassed with ruin and desolation in its train. Far the larger number of buildings of every sort in the smaller villages have been wrecked beyond repair, while those that are still standing have, almost without exception, been riddled by shells or seriously injured by fire or explosions. The once stately château of Blerancourt is a grim and fantastic ruin. Everywhere the once smooth and fertile fields are scarred by trenches and shell-holes, striped with long lines of barbed wire entanglements, and shot full of unexploded shells and grenades dangerous in the extreme even to the most careful cultivator. Here, as you pass along the rough highway, you notice that the trees have been cut down; yonder, a torn tree trunk still holds in its broken top of tangled branches the remains of an observation post; a little further, and you pass the remains of a once well-kept woodland that has been shot to pieces.

This is the region in which the American Committee for Devastated France is carrying on its unobtrusive work. The military authorities, with the aid of German prisoners, are rebuilding the roads and bridges, clearing the fields of debris, removing and destroying unexploded shells, and filling trenches and shell-holes. The payment of government allowances of various kinds to persons who have suffered by the war has begun. What the Committee aims to do is to help the villagers and peasants who have been allowed to return—the scarcity of houses, of transportation, of food, of coal, of even the commonest necessities, still makes some government restriction necessary—and whose resources as a rule are pitifully small, to reëstablish their homes and cultivate once more their gardens and farms. As fast as families or individuals come back the Committee searches them out—some in dugouts or cellars, some in shacks of stone or turf or corrugated metal such as soldiers used, some in the one or two rooms of the old house that can be made habitable. There is a card record of every family and of its history. The relief extended is a kind of first aid to the desolate: necessary clothing and food, condensed milk for babies and their mothers, a few farm implements and tools, mattresses and stoves, seed for the first planting, rabbits, goats, or poultry, all "just for a start." Travelling shops, selling a few articles of food or other elementary necessities at the cost price in Paris, traverse the region from week to week, and a few local shops, with strictly regulated prices, have been opened. It should go without saying that the work of the Committee is non-sectarian; but it has never-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theless provided buildings or rooms for religious services where churches have been destroyed, and there are new white dresses for girls and new suits of clothes for boys for that great event in the life of every Catholic child—the first communion.

What struck me most, as I watched the members of the Committee in their daily round, was the humbleness, the practicability, and the self-effacement of their service. Here, at all events, is no pauperizing of an industrious, frugal, and self-respecting population by wholesale or ill-considered almsgiving. Once a family gets upon its feet, or a commune becomes able to supply its economic needs in the ordinary way of production and trade, the Committee aid is quietly withdrawn. In another year or so, perhaps, if no calamity intervenes, the task of the Committee will have been completed, the cantons which it has helped will have become self-sustaining, and the normal operations of the community will have been restored as was their wont. Then the Committee will quietly withdraw. Some permanent memorial there will, perhaps, be; there is talk of establishing a permanent agricultural school at Blerancourt to be conducted in coöperation with the French Ministry of Agriculture. But the chief memorial will be something which, to the passing tourist or occasional sojourner, will suggest neither a committee nor an American interest. It will consist in a once devastated region restored, in torn fields smoothed and tilled, in houses and barns rebuilt, in children saved for useful and happy lives, in the return to normal habits of communities which the ordeal of war left shattered and forlorn.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Correspondence

Austria's Tragic Plight

AS indicative of the abject want and despair that have overtaken Austria (probably the chief victim of the Versailles treaty), several letters are grouped below from persons in that unhappy country. The first is an extract from a letter forwarded from Switzerland by George D. Herron, to whom it was addressed, from Professor Heinrich Lammasch, formerly Prime Minister of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and once President of the Hague Tribunal. Writing from Salzburg, under date of October 18, he says:

"The situation here becomes worse almost from day to day, economically, financially, and politically. Our currency has no more value at all; the crown is at 2-3 instead of 105! So Austria and almost all its inhabitants are mere beggars, some hundred aristocrats and Jews, and some thousand war-profiteers excepted. I must try to get some small income from outside. To that purpose I have written to James Brown Scott and President Murray Butler, whether I could get some salary as a correspondent of the Carnegie Endowment for Austria. And compared with most of my colleagues at the University I am a wealthy man, in banknotes which have no international value! And in some weeks or month they will have no more value with us too! Prices are increasing rapidly. Thank heaven we still have some victuals in store, but when they are consumed, and that will be very soon, what then?"

A letter comes direct to *The Nation* from Max Winter, Viceburgomaster of Vienna, dated October 9, as follows:

"In your number of August 16, giving a short report of the 100,000 starving children in Vienna, that represents in touching words the awful distress of our children, you put an appeal for money to be sent to the Vienna Children's Milk Relief in New York. Though it is of greatest importance to provide our children with condensed milk, I think it even more necessary to feed them on fresh milk. It would be possible to board out in Switzerland 30,000 children of Vienna, if there were funds for the journey from the boundary of Switzerland to their future health resort. To overcome the difficulty of raising a sum of $300,000, or $10 for each child, I ask you whether there is not any way of spending a part of the funds collected by the committee in New York for this end. In this case, I think it would be best to send the money to the Austrian embassy at Berne, or to the Jugendamt in Vienna.

"I would be greatly obliged to you if you would interest yourselves also in this way in our poor, helpless children. As viceburgomaster of the city, appointed to the care of the children, I dare also this request for our suffering and starving little ones in hopes of not meeting with a refusal. Anticipate the best thanks of the city of Vienna for all the trouble, kindness, and love you render our children."

A correspondent in this country, who wishes his name withheld, forwards a letter from a friend in Vienna, from which the following is taken:

"Unless you visit a hospital where the poorest victims of society pass their last weeks, you get no idea of what the streets of Vienna are—a wandering hospital of an equalized type of sufferers: Children looking old, women never more looking young, old people in whom you discover young men. Nature is dead for us—no shoes to go anywhere, no food found on the way; the forests plundered to sell wood to the rich before they all go to the speculator or foreign Powers to pay for the harsh minimum of flour and bacon. No fruit for me for years, no milk, not an egg, no cheese, no meat, a minimum of bacon once a week, no cocoa, inaccessible prices for beer, for wine, and for absolutely everything. There are some articles imported for the rich, but a paltry sausage is just as inaccessible to a small purse as a diamond necklace. Jewelers' and food producers' shops are all the same to me now—things that no longer exist for use. Never a grape, never an apple, no milk, no butter—an eternal sentence of bread and water (with the greater part of the bread bought by contraband and prices increasing). Will this last, or will it become still worse, is the only question. Of an improvement there is not the smallest indication."

Emerson or Hubbard?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Isn't it worth while and space to correct a rather widely distributed statement erroneously attributed to Ralph Waldo Emerson? "If a man preach a better sermon, write a better book, or build a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he hide himself in the wilderness, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

Although the passage is a close imitation of Emerson's style, one, apparently, should suspect the expression "build a better mouse trap." What Emerson really wrote is: "If a man has good corn, or wood, or boards, or pigs, to sell, or can make better chairs or knives, crucibles or church organs, than anybody else, you will find a broad, hard-beaten road to his house, though it be in the woods."

Elbert Hubbard in some way met with this and printed among his "Mottoes" the following: "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

Perhaps he should not be condemned too seriously. Emerson, himself, confesses (Journal, 1853) "I often need the device of ascribing my sentence to another in order to give it weight."

But the quotation is an illustration of quoting without verifying. Yet I have but now seen it in a church anthology. Regarding the statement in either form, its truth is doubtful. Excellence hidden in a wilderness probably remains there unless advertised.

Oakland, Cal., October 24 CHARLES J. WOODBURY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To a Friend in California

By WITTER BYNNER

There's a long line of iron track
With mountains at the end,
And I who leave am looking back,
Through them, to a friend,

To California, to a bay
Inwinding from the sea,
Where swords of sun and water play—
Though not tonight for me;

But the eucalyptus still was there
At owl-time with no moon;
And as the morrow grew aware,
So shall I be soon

Of the door-way on the hill,
The two beloved pines,
The color of the window-sill,
The pointing of the vines,

And shall see your face, and so unite
Tomorrow with today,
And watch in it a changing light
Like evening on the bay.

Literature

Roosevelt Intimately Considered

Theodore Roosevelt. An Intimate Biography. By William Roscoe Thayer. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt. By Lawrence F. Abbott. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children. Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Theodore Roosevelt. The Man As I Knew Him. By Ferdinand Cowle Iglehart. The Christian Herald.

Bill Sewall's Story of T. R. By William Wingate Sewall. With an Introduction by Hermann Hagedorn. Harper and Brothers.

IT has been commonly observed that a man long in public office develops a dual personality, an external and an internal character with a hollow space between. In the case of Roosevelt, however, the remark, or the complaint, has been made that there was no "inside." Certainly to an extraordinary extent under myriad-eyed scrutiny he wore his heart upon his sleeve. His versatile expressiveness of tongue, pen, and hand, his passion for representing every thought by an observable act—if possible, by an act of Congress—resulted in an unusually complete externalization of his essence. "Tell him everything," wrote Roosevelt to Bill Sewall when Mr. Hagedorn set out to get the old guide's account of days in Maine and on the Dakota ranch. Bill Sewall and Mr. Hagedorn between them have added a footnote to Roosevelt's own Western chapters, but they have let no biographical cat out of the bag; and undoubtedly Roosevelt knew that there was none in the bag that Bill Sewall held. The same may be said of Dr. Iglehart's bag. It contains nothing of peculiar value except his own piety, unless indeed one accepts the good clergyman's somewhat novel interpretation of the big game hunter's career: "Theodore Roosevelt, in accomplishing the miracles of his life-time, had a crucified and risen Savior before his eyes, whom he consulted at every step of life, who told him where to go, what to say, and what to do." Even this does not constitute an exception to the general opinion that he was, inside and out, essentially all of a piece; for Dr. Iglehart detects no flaw in the spotless garment of the Colonel's practical Christianity. Still, as the titles indicate, most of the biographies appear to feel that there was in his intimate behavior and immediate personal effluence something fascinating and precious, almost intangible, worth recording, if one could capture it. The working of the spell Mr. Abbott happily illustrates by his story of William Barnes leaping to his feet to applaud the Carnegie Hall speech, and explaining afterward, when twitted on this tribute to his arch-enemy: "Why, I was on my feet before I knew it. Roosevelt, confound him, has a kind of magnetism that you cannot resist when you are in his presence."

Mr. Thayer's name and his sub-title arouse expectation which his book, though noteworthy for other reasons, disappoints. It is not in any Boswellian sense an intimate biography. It is no such achievement of research and judgment as "The Life of Cavour." To the facts of Roosevelt's public or private life already in print it adds little. As a record it is less satisfactory because less complete and detailed than the earlier biography of W. D. Lewis. It is blemished by numerous gratuitous slurs at Mr. Wilson. In its concluding chapters it abandons the style of history and biography for the style of invective and venomous hypothetical prophecy. If we had broken off relations with Germany after the sinking of the Lusitania, asserts Mr. Thayer, "by the summer of 1916, the war would have been over. . . . At least three million lives among the Allied armies would have been saved. Russia would have been spared revolution, chaos, Bolshevism. . . . Thousands of square miles of devastated territory would not have been spoiled. A hundred millions of dollars . . . would never have been spent. All this is not an idle dream. . . . History will hold him [President Wilson] accountable for those millions of lives sacrificed, for the unspeakable suffering," etc., etc. Now it may be said very briefly that History will do nothing of the sort. What History will do is to inquire in what tumult and chaos of emotion any votary of hers permitted himself to pen those preposterous lines. History will remark that Mr. Thayer seems to have written with heat—with heat enough and wrath enough but quite outside that clear and equable light of the mind in which one may hope to see with some steadiness the shining outlines of truth. Perhaps History will say that under the pinch of "military necessity" she stopped her august ears and bore with her chartered libertine Roosevelt when he, bent on a definite end and ruthless in means, permitted himself exactly that sort of indefensible diatribe; but that to repeat and publish such stuff a year afterward is an unpardonable prolongation of the atrocities of war.

In a sense of its own, then, as we have seen, Mr. Thayer's biography *is* intimate. Slenderly documented, properly speaking uncritical, its special value resides in the intimate revelation of Mr. Thayer's personal feeling about Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson in connection with an outline or sketch of Mr. Roosevelt's career, terminating in a panegyric. This intimate revelation is composed with care and written with a vigor and distinction of style that are unfortunately to seek in most of the Roosevelt literature, which has been produced, one suspects, in the Rough Rider's spirit with an eye single to getting there first. In addition to its style and its violent injustice—qualities which are always intriguing—it has other points of interest chief of which, for our purpose, is the indirect light that it throws upon the Rooseveltian spell. The strength of the demonstration lies in the fact that Mr. Thayer was not much of a Rooseveltian before the late war. Roosevelt's support of Blaine in 1884 had led Mr. Thayer and other political purists to regard him as a "lost leader." In the period of the Spanish War he had feared that Roosevelt was a fighting cock—that his projects "were inspired by innate pugnacity which he could not outgrow." He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

implies that he considered his handling of the Alaska Boundary dispute injudicial; and he records having chaffed Roosevelt over the Panama affair as a "wicked conspirator."* As late as 1912 he had never voted for a Republican presidential candidate—"I reminded Roosevelt that I had never voted for him because I did not approve of his tariff policy." He objected to the Progressive program in general as tending to destroy representative government; and he holds that experience has justified many of his objections. Yet after distrusting for a life-time Roosevelt's temperament and disapproving the characteristic features of the domestic and foreign policies of his party, he declares him "the greatest of modern Democrats, and the chief interpreter of the highest ideal of American Democracy." Obviously Mr. Thayer in the intensity of his hatred for "the atrocious and reptilian Hun" has undergone an experience like religious conversion which has upset his standards and transformed all the old values of his life. For the good that Roosevelt accomplished his biographer is willing not merely to pardon but to glorify all his transgressions. He is in a mood to canonize Robin Hood and to smile at his brigandage as the beautiful instrument of his kindness to the widow and orphan. He has, in short, embraced the peculiar ethical spirit which all the anti-Mexican jingoes and imperialists of the Republican party are now so noisily whooping up as "Americanism."

Mr. Abbott's book is not so "dynamic," and it contains no chapter which would be so applausively received at a Republican national convention as Mr. Thayer's two concluding harangues entitled "Prometheus Bound" and "Prometheus Unbound." Less burdened than Mr. Thayer with the task of atoning for sins of omission, Mr. Abbott has had a freer mind for collecting and recording the materials of a really "intimate" biography. His Roosevelt is not a revolutionary internal experience but a man objectively considered at close range and in circumstances favorable to the harvesting of original and distinctive impressions. As everyone knows, there was a time when a private staircase connected the office of *The Outlook* with the executive office in the White House; there was the golden period of the contributing-editorship, an office invented by Mr. Abbott; Mr. Abbott was the ingenious and only begetter and educer of the "Autobiography"; Mr. Abbott was Mr. Roosevelt's valet, secretary, courier, press-agent, baggage manager, master of the purse, and master of ceremonies on the grand tour of Europe after the hunting trip in Africa. These were capital Boswellian opportunities; and Mr. Abbott has employed them loyally, with good taste, modestly, and with admirable good temper. As an instance of his loyalty one may refer to the way he covers up and warns the reader from the eminently characteristic and significantly militaristic address which Roosevelt delivered in Berlin in 1910. Without in the least describing its contents, he intimates that it was "academic," "abstract," inferior in style and content, and "did not particularly interest me"! Loyalty was a virtue that Roosevelt rated very high.

Mr. Abbott names what impressed him as the four great Rooseveltian characteristics, of which one was, of course, courage. The other three, far less recognizable in Roosevelt's public life, were caution, humor, and gentleness. By illustrating these his editorial colleague and travelling companion serves him well. He is particularly happy in fixing by many little strokes the image of a man with a boyish heart, joyous, laughing, and *convenienter gratiosus*—"a good mixer." "Wouldn't you like a cup of tea?" says King Haakon of Norway. "By George, your Majesty," cries the Colonel, "the very thing I should like." At the funeral of King Edward grave diplomatic question rises between the Earl of Norfolk and the American military attaché as to whether Roosevelt as special ambassador shall wear a frock coat or evening dress. The Colonel, called into conference, instantly cuts the knot: "If the English people want me to, I'll wear a pink coat and green-striped trousers." A man who easily adapted himself to circumstances, rose to emergencies, and was singularly devoid of inhibiting moods and vapors, Roosevelt shone in his literary and editorial relations by his orderliness, punctuality, dependability, and readiness to take suggestions. Probably Mr. Abbott's most important political side lights are on the break with Mr. Taft and on the famous neutrality article in *The Outlook*. The most intimately interesting revelation is of the way Roosevelt was haunted by a shipboard story of Admiral Dewey's hysterical collapse and proposed migration from the country following the unpopular disposal of his Washington house. "Lawrence," Roosevelt said at the time—and in the simple remark there was much of his character that his countrymen most admired—"they may treat me like Dewey, but I'll tell you one thing, I shall neither weep nor shall I go to Europe!" The total effect of this collection of familiar studies is to tone down an impression of formidable and headstrong fierceness which Roosevelt's public manners and official behavior produced upon many observers. At a semi-official cabinet meeting to discuss one of his open letters to Mr. Bryan—a meeting attended by Mr. Abbott and vividly described by him—Mr. Straus suggested the modification of a sentence as too severe. "No, Mr. Secretary," said the President, "I think it should stand as it it. *You must remember that this is poster, not an etching.*" Roosevelt felt obliged generally to employ the poster. That is precisely why his friends can do him good service by bringing out the etchings.

The "Letters to His Children," the editing of which Mr. Roosevelt himself supervised, is a charming and invaluable addition to this familiar literature. Mr. Bishop, who writes a sympathetic introduction, reports that Roosevelt in the glow of his satisfaction with the collection said shortly before his death: "I would rather have this book published than anything that has ever been written about me." Everyone knew before it appeared that Roosevelt was a eulogist of family life, and every one must have guessed that he was an eminently successful and happy family man. The evidence was in the simple and hearty joyousness of his tone whenever he touched the theme. It was even more substantially embodied in the children to whom the letters were addressed, fortunate and spirited young persons who romped through the White House and grew up under the eye of the nation to give valorous justification of their father's pride in them. The Roosevelt living-room has long been half open to the public. The letters lift the shades of other rooms for a moment to show the President touseling the "blessed" boys at bed-time, or urging the gardener to throw a brick-bat at them if they annoy him, or frying chickens while Mrs. Roosevelt washes the dishes on a week-end outing in Virginia, or in the absence of Mrs. Roosevelt "acting as vice-mother" and reading aloud from the poetry of Scott or Macaulay, or sending to one of the boys at school a letter illustrated with drawings by the author, or advising "Ted" not to neglect study for sport and on the whole not to enter the Army or Navy—"I believe in you too much, and have too much confidence in you."

The paternal discipline was affectionate and hardy, tempered with the great deference paid in every good American household to the opinion of "Mother," and with a wide margin of freedom for the initiative of the youngsters. It is curious that the chief of the Rough Riders and "the greatest of modern Democrats" should have chosen to educate his boys at a fashionable church school; likewise, that he should have repeated the early Victorian complaint that Dickens "by no possibility could have recognized a gentleman." In the next letter, however, the sins of Dickens against gentility are all forgiven; for Senator Lodge gives the Colonel a fine quotation from Dickens in derision of pacifists, and this, he declares, "ought to be read before all the tomfool peace societies and anti-imperialist societies of the pres-

* The gentlemanly cynicism of the Cabinet is illustrated by a choice story of Mr. Abbott's, which he had from Roosevelt himself. When the latter asked for an endorsement of the legality of the "taking" of Panama after the act, Mr. Knox exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. President, do not let so great an achievement suffer from any taint of legality!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ent day" (1908). Occasionally there is a long and somewhat considered letter to Kermit with criticism of authors that they are reading together, or a bit of the poetry of history, or a passage commemorating some proud or rich moment in the career of the writer. But for the most part the letters appear quite unpremeditated and absolutely natural; and it is a marvel that a President of the United States could play bear in the barn and recite the fact so simply and heartily while perfectly conscious that biographers would report his behavior to all posterity. Some of the notes were written in camp near Santiago in 1898, some at Sagamore Hill and the White House, some on hunting trips in the West or at sea, some in Panama and Porto Rico; but skilful editing has amusingly and rather delightfully reduced public personages and events to unoppressive decorations of the children's world. Senators, admirals, and ambassadors as they flit across these pages bulk scarcely larger than the turtles and rabbits of the domestic menagerie, and seem hardly more important than the white-throated sparrows or the buckeyes and pink dogwood in the high beauty of April, through which "Mother and I"—Mother always "looking very young and pretty"—"walk every morning."

The English-Speaking Brotherhood

The English-Speaking Brotherhood and the League of Nations. By Sir Charles Walston (Waldstein). Columbia University Press.

SIR CHARLES WALSTON has for many years been a champion in behalf of idealism in international relations. There burns in him the prophetic flame of the race from which he springs, and this flame has been nourished by a rich and varied cultural experience. He was born and received his early education in the United States. At an impressionable period he lived in Germany, and he assimilated its best thought before Bismarck and Treitschke and *Realpolitik* had had time to fetter and pervert it. He then settled in England and became a lover of that land and its ways. There can be no question about the patriotism of Sir Charles. His devotion to British ideals and institutions, his faith in the general rightness of the British people, determines the color of all his political writing. He is in a position to realize better than most people the stupidity of chauvinism, and his guiding sentiment is "He loves his native country best who loves mankind the more." His filial affection for the country of his birth has inspired his effort to bring about community of action between her and the land of his adoption. He has proclaimed the cultural and spiritual unity of the English-speaking peoples and has seen in their coöperation an important step in the realization of his dream of world-peace. His cherished ideal was to be brought about by the gradual adhesion of other states to the English-speaking brotherhood as soon as the light dawned on them. The consummation was to be in the form of a supreme international court of justice backed by an overwhelming military force. This was the view which he expressed many years before the war, the view which he repeated in his "Aristodemocracy" shortly after the otubreak of the war, the view which he reiterated in an address of the present volume, "Wilsonism and Anti-Wilsonism," delivered just before the signing of the armistice. There he declares categorically that no security can be found in Holy or Unholy Alliances, and goes so far as to maintain that the peace of the world will never be secured by a League of Nations with a Parliament of Nations (practically what the covenant of Versailles provides for) whose representatives are dependent upon a mandate from the government which appoints them. He assumes that his own ideals are those which President Wilson had at heart in going to the Peace Conference and he thinks that he is holding up the President's hands when he insists on the great practical importance of formulating the principles of a world league in its purest and highest form and not in a temporizing spirit of compromise by the acceptance of some intermediary scheme which does not fully guarantee a lasting peace.

In the light of such firmly-held views we cannot but regard the publication of the present volume, after the signing of the treaty with Germany, as a sublime act of faith covering up a feeling of inner disappointment. Sir Charles has not a word to say directly in either approval or censure of the covenant and treaty, but the impression created by a repetition at this time of the lectures in which he voiced his hopes for an English-speaking union twenty years ago is that we have barely conquered the first step in the long journey before us. After expressing his distrust of all alliances as agencies for world-peace, he declares that if the discussions at Paris should result only in confirming the alliance of the states opposed to the Central Powers ("with the object of preventing wars in the future," he cautiously adds) it would mark an important advance in the right direction. He is ready to accept with gratitude and as complete compensation for the sacrifices of the war an even lesser measure of solidarity in the form of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States to keep the peace mutually and to combine in enforcing it throughout the world. This, as we have remarked, is a pure expression of faith on the writer's part. It is not a conclusion reached by weighing all the factors involved or by appraising the practical consequences of the world-settlement actually reached or about to be reached. Its only foundation is another article of faith, namely, that Britain and America stand in the forefront of civilization, "that in political, social, and economical education we stand as high as any nation, and higher than any group of nations we can imagine massed against us." We know from experience that however true this belief may be, it is one to which a ready and willing assent cannot be obtained from other peoples. And indeed Sir Charles does not expect the attainment of his ultimate goal without another war between those who are inalienably wedded to the absolute sovereignty of individual states as they now exist and those who stand for some authoritative international rule. He tries to comfort us with the promise that this war is to be very short and the very last, but there is little assurance in his promise. The intense attachment to our own absolute sovereignty displayed by the United States Senate makes the realization of the great vision seem pathetically remote, since the United States is the chief prop of his structure. The disregard of all real and immediate factors like this removes Sir Charles's book to the region of academic abstraction and pious wishes.

The Short and the Long View of Labor

Labour in the Changing World. By R. M. MacIver. E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Labor Situation in Great Britain and France. By The Commission on Foreign Inquiry of the National Civic Federation, 1919. E. P. Dutton and Company.

JACK LONDON in one of his stories speaks of some people in the Arctic Circle who could not see the sun because of the bulge of the earth. The "practical" man often labors under the disadvantage of a perspective fore-shortened by the bulge of the immediate difficulties of the daily round. He lives from hand to mouth—necessarily and inevitably; and the "practical" judgment is generally the short view. This thesis might be appropriately illustrated by a reference to the recent misfortunes of *Realpolitik* in a neighboring hemisphere.

These reflections are started by Mr. James W. Sullivan's review of British labor in the report of the National Civic Federation Commission. Of Mr. Sullivan's familiarity with the labor movement there can be no doubt; and much that he says is true and to the point. But his contribution is vitiated throughout by the circumstance that he cannot see any dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tance because of the bulge of the American Federation of Labor. To him the Federation is the last word in labor organization; its high ethical standard in the matter of contracts is held up to admiration. He thinks of the substantial offices at Washington with the busy throb of life that fills them; and the thought warms his heart, especially as he remembers the dingy offices of the British Trade Unions and their chaotic way of doing business. The Federation is the best of all labor organizations in the best of all possible worlds; and the handful of radicals who try to throw monkey-wrenches into the machine hardly dent the surface of Mr. Sullivan's complacency. He is a good thick-and-thin Federation man; and he knows the machinery in and out. And just because he went to Great Britain with this purely "practical" experience, he returned without having begun to see the inwardness of the new influences that are afoot in British labor.

Of course, something of this failure is due to the circumstances of his visit. He was taken about by the wrong people; and the keynote of the visit was struck by a welcoming dinner given by the National Alliance of Employers and Employed—an organization which is a sort of "scab" in the labor movement, chiefly engaged in "devilling" for the Tory party. From this source, "the Commission was later enabled to gather considerable information." It was. The information is given in this volume; and its net effect is altogether misleading.

And it is a little unfortunate for the volume that it has appeared at a time when events have proved somewhat too heavy a strain on the American Federation, and Mr. Gompers has become suspect of radicalism; whereas a despised labor union in Great Britain won out handsomely in a strike against the Government—so handsomely that the Government itself is offering three places to trade-union representatives upon the new Railway Board. The present industrial chaos in America and the clearing atmosphere in Great Britain afford Mr. Sullivan some new material for his comparative study of efficiency.

The colume contains, besides Mr. Sullivan's ill-starred panegyric on the American Federation of Labor, a report by Mr. Albert Parker Nevin on The Labour Problem in Great Britain from the Public Standpoint. This paper is on the whole quite fair; and the only criticism which one might offer is that Mr. Nevin has not grasped the tremendous spiritual revolution which the last five years have provoked and the futility of discussing present conditions in the light of a world that can never come back to us. Mr. Albert Farwell Bemis in another report gives a good deal of valuable and reliable information on the housing and agricultural problems in Great Britain and France. But the volume as a whole miscarries because of the obvious intention behind it to attempt to secure the present industrial system; and that is a forlorn hope.

Mr. MacIver's book comes closer to the realities of the situation. The author writes with a wide knowledge of the facts of the case and a clear understanding of the inwardness of the present unrest. It is as good a statement as the reviewer has seen of the liberal view of the labor problem and its solution; and while it is not marked by conspicuous originality, it may be commended as a thorough and judicial analysis of the influences that are afoot in the industrial world. Mr. MacIver writes interestingly; and there is a quiet good sense about the book which gives its argument unusual persuasiveness. The relevant field of inquiry is covered amply; and it is impossible not to feel in view of events that are happening now that the general view that the author takes is essentially true. The view of the practical men of the National Civic Federation Commission of Foreign Inquiry is being hourly discredited by things that are happening; but this professor and theorist has his hand on the pulse of the situation, and the actual course of events squares with his "theoretical" view. The onlooker sees most of the game; and that is why Mr. MacIver's book makes good in this particular case; and why the National Civic Federation volume fails.

As Children See Us

The Young Visiters. By Daisy Ashford. George H. Doran Company.

WHETHER or not an "authoress of nine years" wrote this book we should make believe that she did in order to enjoy its full flavor. For more than two centuries satirists have been inventing Chinese philosophers or messengers from Mars to voice their perceptions of things askew in the social order. All the time they have overlooked the most candid critic of the passing generation, the incarnate Child. Wordsworth indeed rejoiced in the child's vision, but when he turned it to purposes of glee gave us "The Idiot Boy" and "Peter Bell." When actual children like Marjorie Fleming have written of the ways of an adult world we have laughed at their pretty errors rather than marveled at their insight. It has remained for the creator of Daisy Ashford—who may be God or James M. Barrie—to bring into being the child-satirist. Her bodily existence may be a mere hoax, but that matters not a straw. We owe the delicious child the same credence that we give to Puck on the stage. Both are spirits, but are not the less real in consequence.

For those who have the grace to be gullible, then, Daisy Ashford's satire is of the most delicious kind, the unintentional. Her book is professedly a society novel of the days when the Prince of Wales, later Edward the Peacemaker, was Edward the Pace-maker for the British *haut ton.* It deals with two most popular Victorian themes: sentimental marriage and the idea of a gentleman. The forms of life are Victorian, but seen through the eyes and filled with the spirit of the nascent twentieth century. Outwardly Ethel Monticue (as the author spells it) follows the course of a true Victorian heroine; inwardly she is of a different world. In situations where Miss Isabella Wardour would have said "I must ask Papa," Ethel's slogan is "O do lets." And then Ethel gets into situations unthinkable to Sir Walter Scott. It is only at the end of the story that we learn that Ethel has parents. They are too poor to come to her wedding, but Ethel's mother sends her a gold watch that does not go but has been in the family for a long time, and her father produces a check for £10 and promises a darling baby calf as soon as it is ready. This, however, is to anticipate. When the story opens, Ethel, "a young girl of seventeen" is "staying with" Mr. Salteena, who is forty-two, has "wiskers," and smacks a little of our hairy Victorian ancestors. They go to visit Mr. Bernard Clark, who "inclines to be rich." His bathroom has a tip-up basin, a hose thing for washing the head, and other clever dodges of a rich nature. He has, moreover, a gallery of family portraits, including one of a "sinister son of Queen Victoria." Fired by emulous jealousy, Mr. Salteena, who "is not a gentleman though you would never notice it," goes to London to be "rubbed up a bit in socierty ways" by the amiable Earl of Clincham, leaving Ethel to Bernard. Bernard proves to be a man of "idears." He takes Ethel to the city "for a weeks gaierty," during which she rejects Mr. Salteena in spite of his newly acquired intimacy with high life. Bernard's "proposale" is accomplished in due form in the country "amid the twittering of the birds and the smell of the cows," and the wedding follows with all the splendor that the most ardent caterer could desire. Ethel's hopes of a large family are gratified by the arrival of a son during their six weeks honeymoon in Egypt. The happy pair subsequently have six children, "4 boys and 3 girls," and love each other to the bitter end.

Mr. Salteena, meanwhile, though disconsolate at the loss of Ethel, has achieved his life's ambition of becoming a thorough gentleman with a position at court. To take himself out of the class of mere people, he has recourse to the Earl of Clincham, who lives at the Crystal Palace in "compartments kept going by peaple who have something funny in their family

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and who want to be less mere if you can comprehend." Mr. Salteena comprehends perfectly and pays the £42 demanded for his training in high life. The next day he is introduced at Buckingham Palace in a court dress made by rolling up the trousers of his dress suit, and donning silk stockings, the Earl's second-best cocked hat, a strip of red ribbon across his shirt front, and a star cut out of silver paper. "Is it a fancy dress party?" he asks. He finds the Prince affably eating ices and drinking champagne, and through the Earl's intercession gets the job his heart craves "cantering after the royal barouche." In time he marries one of the maids in waiting at the palace, Bessie Top by name. Though blessed with a large family of ten, "five of each," he never forgets Ethel and grows morose as the years roll by. "Still he was a pius man in his way and found relief in prayer."

Daisy Ashford is the spirit of the new age moving about without misgivings in the unrealized world of Victorian society. From the play-house that she builds for herself out of its slighter conventions we can judge how she will remodel the social structure itself when she becomes its mistress. What walls will not go down, doing away with decorous corridors! She will have her "compartments" decorated in purple silk, in pale yellow and wild primrose, and every bedroom will open into every other. There shall be no distinction of places in the house; the new tenants will have tea in bed and dinner where they please. They will pride themselves, not on the drawing-room furniture, but on the bathroom fixtures. They will wear "get ups" that are "rarther rash" and do not match their faces. And if they look slightly pale, owing to the drains in that house, a little "ruge" will mend all.

On Scottish History

Surveys of Scottish History. By P. Hume Brown. With an Introduction by Viscount Haldane. Glasgow: James Maclehose and Sons.

AMONG the many eminent historians produced by Scotland the late Hume Brown has taken a distinctive place. He had not the classic thought and emotion of Buchanan, nor the passion and humor of Knox, nor the great sweep of Robertson, nor the philosophy of Hume, nor the romantic gifts of Andrew Lang. To these men Hume Brown stands in the same relation as does Gray among the English poets: his achievement is comparatively small in volume and not unlimited in vision or sympathy, but it is, nevertheless, true and fine.

Of the eleven essays or addresses here collected two deal with the methods of writing history. Two things, in the author's opinion, are requisite to a full understanding of a people's past: a careful study of all the original documents and that sympathy which comes only from long residence in the land studied. As more than half of our knowledge of history comes unconsciously, being gradually imbibed with the language and temper of a nation, it is probable, he contends, that no student can speak authoritatively on any history but that of his own race. Other countries should be studied for the standards of comparison they give, for "that lifting of men out of their immediate surroundings and providing them with larger measures of things" that is the process of education, but the finer values will escape the eye not trained by life-long practice in the environment studied.

There are two methods of writing history. The first is as nearly as possible objective: mere description with such explanation as falls within the body of reference but without extraneous ideas or dogmas imported from science, from religion, or from morals. Let the chronicler narrate, says the advocate of this school, and leave interpretation to those with a vocation higher than his own, the poet and the philosopher. Against this method Hume Brown enters an emphatic protest. Rightly claiming that the ideal is impossible of realiaztion, he urges that if realized it would deprive history of much of its value. To interpret the facts is not, as Emerson put it, "to put one's whim upon the universe" but to apply a key to the unlocking of many a door that will yield to no other. Insight comes from impulse and imagination as well as from labor. Only we must not cherish the illusion, common to every age, that our own outlook is final and all-sufficient.

Two periods in Scottish history which attract the writer's attention above others are the last half of the sixteenth and the last half of the eighteenth century, the turning point and the apogee of the nation's genius. There are few such philosophical treatments of the Reformation anywhere as that offered here, although in such small compass. Indeed, it is only by comparing Hume Brown with an Acton—that skilful skimmer of the cream of other men's thoughts—that one can appreciate the real depth of this historian's genius. The significance of the Scottish Reformation he finds in the fact that for the first time a great question was submitted to a public opinion sufficiently developed to understand its importance. It was a supreme and momentous choice, and one that developed character by bringing out latent impulses. As a study of the nature of public opinion in such a crisis, this work is pregnant with suggestion. At the time when the revolution was carried through probably three-quarters of the population were still Catholic, but the only classes with power to express themselves in either word or act decided the issue against the majority; they were the nobility, the city merchants, and the intellectuals. There was little bloodshed; the Queen, the priests, the peasants, and the proletariat stood gaping helplessly at the storm they were unable to allay.

And the immediate effect of the Reformation was a legal despotism. Henry VIII has been credited with marvellous power and dexterity for having made himself the spiritual and temporal master of his people, but it gives one much food for thought to see James VI, a shambling pedant and a fool, place himself as securely in the saddle of the North. By the "Black Acts" of 1584 the Parliament made him lord of his people's bodies and souls; by the act of 1587 they put practically the whole ecclesiastical property of the kingdom into his hands. It is a most instructive lesson in the operation of natural forces.

Not only in the large but in details Hume Brown throws light on the period in his study of several neglected scholars, among them Florence Wilson and John Major. This latter humanist, born in 1470, went to Paris and, after the regular course, published "wagon-loads," as Melanchthon called them, of theology. In his books he discusses seriously whether God could have redeemed mankind in the shape of an ox or an ass, whether John the Baptist's head, when cut off, could be in more than one place at a time, whether there could be such a thing as horsemanship without a horse, and whether the sea was salt when God made it. These subtleties aroused the mirth of Erasmus, if the reviewer may be allowed to add a word to those of the writer on this point. In his "Praise of Folly" not only does the Dutch humanist allude to the barren scholastic tastes of the Scotch, but he brings up as an example one certainly suggested by Major, as to whether God could have taken on him the form of an animal or of a gourd. Just a year after Major had taken his M.A. and had started lecturing, Erasmus speaks in a letter of hearing "Dunderhead" lecture in his sleep.

The aberrations of Napier's commentary on the Apocalypse, here set forth, especially when compared with the vagaries of Newton on the same subject, are an interesting proof of the liability of scientific men to err in fields in which they are not masters. At the present time, when the "psychical research" superstition is buttressed by one or two great names in science, it is salutary to read the absurdities of the foremost mathematician and the leading astronomer of former days.

Hume Brown was doubtless right when he maintained that Scotland bloomed into its fullest life and exercised its maximum influence in the eighteenth century. With David Hume in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

philosophy, Robertson in history, Adam Smith in political economy, Watt in engineering, and Macpherson in literature, there were few nations that held so commanding a position as did the Athens of the North. Of all this much might be pressed from these juicy pages; but the book itself should be read and not skimmed, chewed and not tasted.

Three Careers

Linda Condon. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Alfred A. Knopf.
On the Makaloa Mat. By Jack London. The Macmillan Company.
The Outbound Road. By Arnold Mulder. Houghton Mifflin Company.

IT is an old observation that the finest things in American literature are delicate and aloof, that they are marked by a withdrawal from rather than by a participation in the national life. Hawthorne fled into an imaginative past, Poe into a land of pure fancy; Henry James took refuge in foreign scenes and in an anxious isolation of his people. To this tradition Mr. Hergesheimer allies himself more and more definitely. He might indeed point to the immensely realistic portrait of Linda Condon's mother, to the dusty New York hotels in which Linda spent so much of her childhood, to the admirably and justly rendered Moses Feldts. But his prevailing tone and manner cover these people and places as with a fine haze through which they appear to us in the end in a purely symbolical guise. His book, as a whole is, like Linda herself, "remote and perfect and faintly wistful," enormously simplified in method despite its contacts with the roughness and the muffled tumult of life, slim and sweet, and as full of grace as a gavotte by Handel.

A very ancient idea has taken on new life in Mr. Hergesheimer's mind. Socrates discoursed on it with Agathon and his other friends that night they sent the dancers and flute-players away; Dante dedicated to it his "Vita Nuova," and Shelley his "Epipsychidion." Linda Condon is more than a lovely person. She is that "image of some bright Eternity" of which Shelley dreamed; she is one through whom the Platonic archetypal Idea of Beauty clearly shines; she is the end of all quests for the sculptor who, before he knew her, might again have said, with Shelley,

> In many mortal forms I rashly sought
> The shadow of that idol of my thought,

but who, having found his "'idol," burnt himself out with the spiritual ardency of his effort to transfer to clay and bronze that gleam of the eternal beauty which shone upon him from her who was not only a mortal woman, but also

> La figlia della sua mente, l'amorosa idea.

Such beauty, and here we come upon Mr. Hergesheimer's central and controlling thought, has little commerce with earthly things, but like great tragedy effects a "katharsis" in its lovers and worshipers, "a wringing out of all dross." To both her husband and her lover Linda Condon remained essentially unapproachable to the end, but she guided both of them (to paraphrase Du Bellay's famous sonnet) to that high heaven where they could recognize face to face the Idea of Beauty which they had adored on earth.

All this takes place in New York and Philadelphia, and the story is told from Linda's point of view. Herein lies Mr. Hergesheimer's originality. In the "Barquet," the "Vita Nuova," the "Epipsychidion" we hear only the voice of the lover and seeker. We are now permitted to gaze into the soul of the beloved. Linda Condon is not wise nor clever nor even well-taught. She is cold at heart and constantly touched with a vague, wondering sorrow over her own irresponsiveness. She is called selfish, but that is only, as Mr. Hergesheimer well explains, because "selfishness is a reproach applied by those who fail to get what they want to all who succeed." But an inexorable instinct teaches her that her beauty is her one necessary gift to men and that in order to succeed, however all others must strive and cry, she has only to be. Guided by this instinct she rises to a full perception of what she has meant to Dodge Pleydon, the sculptor, and is shaken to the depths for the only time in her life when a stupid mob destroys the statue into which Pleydon has transfused the spirit of her own loveliness. Her story and her character, both fragile enough by the more robust and perhaps more rational tests of life and art, are of a very high and singularly flawless distinction. They leave no further doubt in regard to Mr. Hergesheimer's station in the world of American literature. His journeyman days are over.

It is saddening to turn from a figure so self-disciplined, an artist so ripe and self-assured, to the posthumous volume of Jack London. Here was a man truly born to imagine and to write. Even in so late a book as "John Barleycorn" there are great and simple and penetrating pages. He might well have lived down the vulgar Kiplingesque tradition of raw brutality, as well as the shallow scientific smartness which is a common snare to the half-educated. But like many men born to poverty and hardship he could not resist the lure of material things. He wrote himself out for lands and houses. It was quite impossible, during his later years, to follow the books and stories in which he more and more substituted gesture for impulse and mere violence for the superb gusto and freshness of his youth. Those who are interested in his reputation could serve it well by bringing out a scrupulously picked selection of his best stories which should include that fine novelette "The Game," and in which place might even be found for "Shin-bones" from this last volume of his. For this volume is, as a whole, mellow and deeply felt. Hawaii made a more than picturesque and merely superficial appeal to him. Hence he has woven into these tales of the old Polynesian chiefs and of the earlier whites who came to the islands a very keen sense of the wonder and strangeness of a land that passed from savage rites, gloomy and cruel and literally immemorial, to telegraphs and motor-cars in almost a single generation. Very remarkable, from this point of view, are the portraits which, guided by insight and compassion, he gives of several retainers of the ancient chiefs' families, who still worship and serve the descendants of their old masters. The volume is worth reading especially by those who have always retained a strong impression of the quality of Jack London's original gifts.

"The Outbound Road" should mark the beginning of an honorable career as a novelist for its author. It is distinctly a young man's book, a first book—a book of youth's rebellions and aspirations. It is indeed a little difficult to credit the genius of Teunis Spykhoven. But the various members of the little Dutch community in the Middle West are capitally done, especially the massive Foppe Spykhoven and his gentler wife. The gradual revelation of the romance of Professor Bakkerzeel shows, in addition, that Mr. Mulder has a sound and delicate sense for the structural element of his art. The little sectarian college and its faculty, the glimpses we have of "De Stadt," the fairly numerous subsidiary characters, all these combine to produce a strong sense of the familiar things in American life freshly seen and very justly interpreted. Mr. Mulder has, probably, drawn largely on memories of his own childhood and youth. Doubtless it was he himself who threw down his "Korte Begrip" and fled from the catechism to a hidden and contraband Shakespeare. The achievements of Teunis Spykhoven also read very much like a young man's secret ambitions for himself. Thus it is but natural that, toward the end, the story grows a trifle sentimental and romantic. One longs to hear and see more of the Spykhovens and the Boermas, especially of Vrouw Boerma's Kees, that terribly typical and yet so admirably individual person, and of the faculty of Christian College. On these people Mr. Mulder is richly authoritative. What we need in American fiction is just such simple veracity, insight, sane and liberal human feeling as Mr. Mulder displays in his descriptions of his Dutch country-folk in East Nassau.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

IN his seven "Addresses in America" (Scribner's), beginning with one spoken at the Lowell centenary, Mr. Galsworthy vibrates as an æsthetic seismograph to the world-shocks of our times. The stability of the planet, as he interprets the record, depends upon those portions of the earth's crust inhabited by English-speaking peoples. Liberal democracy, through the collapse of European autocracies, has become the new world order, and of that order the British Empire and the United States are the ballast. The English language, with all the community of ideals which it involves, has come to prevail. Consequently, Mr. Galsworthy's message to America is first of all an appeal for Anglo-American friendship, in behalf of which he seeks to make comprehensible the puzzling reserves of British character. In so doing he speaks as a representative of his country. His message as an artist is given in the address at Columbia University and in the final address entitled "Talking at Large." It is an arraignment of our present civilization for neglecting human qualities, sense of proportion, feeling for beauty, essential happiness, in favor of blind mechanical advancement and mere physical gratifications. Indications that liberal democracy is failing to evolve rightly Mr. Galsworthy sees in the current confusion of welfare with wealth, in the widening gap between rich and poor, in the willingness of men to follow slogans rather than convictions, and in the congeries of discontents called Bolshevism. The immediate necessity is to limit mechanical power to the improvement of human happiness. To enforce such self-control we may look to the agencies which have in trust the shaping of the public will: art, the schools, the press. For the present, then, we should do our utmost to secure the honesty, independence, vision, and sobriety of artists, teachers, and journalists, for as they are now, so will the coming generation be. That Mr. Galsworthy should speak such a message persuasively goes without saying.

DOSTOIEVSKY won brilliant success by his first work, "Poor Folk," published in 1846, when he was twenty-five. Between that date and his exile to Siberia, three years later, he wrote a series of tales that added almost nothing to his reputation, whether immediate or permanent. Seven of these minor works are included in "White Nights and Other Stories" (Macmillan), which forms the tenth volume of Mrs. Garnett's translation of his novels. These stories are of varying sorts. "A Little Hero," for instance, gives an appealing picture of boyish courage and boyish delicacy of feeling. "A Faint Heart" begins in a tone of cheerful sentiment obviously inspired by Dickens, and passes into a description of insanity that is in Dostoievsky's characteristic vein, though without his mature power. But most of Dostoievsky's heroes, here as elsewhere, are such as he himself describes them: "A pitiable, monstrous, abortive race, a race of creatures wriggling beneath the stones that are cast on them." In his later years Dostoievsky described this "wriggling" with supreme skill; in these early tales he is merely grotesque and repulsive rather than impressive. This is above all the case in the longest piece in the volume, "Notes from Underground," a story consisting largely of maudlin philosophizing by the contemptible hero. Yet these musings, incoherent as they are, contain anticipations of the later novels that will be of much interest to students of Dostoievsky. It is startling, for instance, to find the following clear statement of his most characteristic doctrine, a doctrine of which the origin is sometimes falsely attributed to the author's own sufferings during his Siberian exile: "Does not man, perhaps, love something besides well-being? Perhaps he is just as fond of suffering? Perhaps suffering is just as great a benefit to him as well-being? Man is sometimes extraordinarily, passionately, in love with suffering, and that is a fact. There is no need to appeal to universal history to prove that; only ask yourself, if you are a man and have lived at all."

THE institution of the *visite domiciliare*, or systematic investigation and aid by medical home visitors sent out by the hospitals, was primarily the idea of the great Dr. Calmette of Lille. Dr. Richard A. Cabot of Boston obtained a home visitor in 1905 at the Massachusetts General Hospital. Since then two hundred other hospitals have started similar work, some of them employing forty or fifty paid workers in addition to volunteers. Dr. Cabot's recently published handbook "Social Work" (Houghton Mifflin) contains material from his lectures at the Sorbonne in 1918, but is intended especially for the instruction and information of medical home visitors in this country. Knowledge of home conditions is necessary to successful treatment of the sick. Much preventive work can also be done. In tuberculosis and other infectious diseases, possibly infected children can be sought out and brought to the dispensary for examination. While the work of the home visitor is confined to advice and investigation and does not include the nursing done by the trained visiting district nurses, Dr. Cabot thinks that a few technical processes (the taking of temperature, the application of simple dressings, etc.) can be carried out to advantage by the home visitor. The chief requisite is common sense, and if that quality can be supplied by a book Dr. Cabot's simple instructions are likely to furnish it.

Drama

The Theatre: Mythical and Real

The Theatre—Advancing. By Edward Gordon Craig. Little, Brown and Company.

IN the cities of the East and of the West Mr. Gordon Craig would have theatres arise that are also temples. They are to be majestic but not cold; in them are to blend the precious glow and glint of gold and ivory and jade. Within and without they are to be durable and changeless in their massive beauty. Upon their stages the scenery is to consist of wrought and carven symbols. There is to be nothing perishable, nor anything that too closely recalls the perishable. By mellow daylight actors from whom "all weaknesses of the flesh have been eradicated," wearing masks, or—since even these actors are but a concession—Uebermarionettes are to perform a silent and universal drama. And Mr. Craig has, no doubt, a vision of faithful multitudes streaming upon appointed holy days to these temples, hushed with awe and wonder before the splendor of their mysteries.

Well, Mr. Craig is mistaken. No multitudes would come to his temples, but only a few forlorn and feebly irritable æsthetes and reactionaries. It is not the durableness and lofty beauty of his theatres that will keep the multitude away. For the barbarous multitude will go as gladly to a temple as to a barn to see a play. But it demands a play. And at this point Mr. Craig's beautiful and imaginative vision suddenly exhibits a staring gap. What is the play to be about? Granted that it is to be a super-pantomime acted by austere men or marionettes, it must express something; it must tell something. The content of that play, so far as Mr. Craig permits us dimly to gather and infer, is to symbolize by universal gestures the inner mystery of what is man and the world and God. But in order to symbolize that mystery in art so clearly and universally that men shall flock to his vast rituals, the dramatist must first have solved it. And his solution must commend itself to all. He must, in other words, first reëstablish an historic condition analogous to that of the thirteenth century in which the eternal mysteries are held to have been finally explained and in which symbolical embodiments of this explanation are as welcome in the market-place as in the sanctuary.

Of this necessity Mr. Craig is quite aware. He is thoroughly consistent. He holds that "modern life is damnable," that all our troubles have been brewed by the "Materialist Fool," that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what we lack is "belief and the power to worship." He thinks that a mob is an ugly thing and a king a beautiful one; he is wholly innocent of the desperate materialism of his own thought. "Hail once more," he exclaims, "to that divine arrogance which knew that the obedience of the many to the judgments of the one meant happiness to the mass of men." He thinks that the ancient Hindus' "love of loveliness and sanity sprang from their love of obedience to their arrogant rulers," and that if we can but revive their awe and wonder and humility on earth then "States and religions will arise all fresh once more and Mankind will again be happy." It is the old and amiable delusion of the romantic dreamer who dreams an ordered and beautiful and hierarchical world with himself, of course, stationed near the top of the hierarchy, building the majestic temples of his vision, and never picturing himself as one of the obedient multitude whom it pleases him to imagine hanging upon his lips and enthralled by the authority of his soul. If he once did that his gorgeous vision, pinnacles and all, would fade like a puff of smoke. For he would at once discover in his own heart the eternal heretic and rebel who has but to arise and to reflect to know that it is the essence of his manhood to be free. Whatever, then, may be Mr. Craig's gifts as a scenic artist and stage craftsman—and they are, doubtless, of the highest—it is clear that his theories of the theatre have been treated far more gravely than they deserve.

What Mr. Craig, in fact, succeeds in doing is to leave us with a feeling of unwonted tenderness and charity toward that actual theatre at which, for the best reasons possible, we may just have been jeering. For that theatre, more in some countries than in others, but a little everywhere, tries to fulfil its true function and to serve mankind in its appointed way. It is the way of all art which, sometimes aiming after the illusion of the real, sometimes by a synthesis of the elements of experience, clarifies and interprets our world for us, shows forth its hidden meaningfulness and beauty, and thus, by persuading the individual to rise, through the contemplation of the concrete, to a larger vision, takes from him the burden of the pain and confusion of life. It does for him precisely what the creative act does for the poet. The latter transfers his experience to the objective world and gives it form and meaning. He then sees it apart from himself under some eternal aspect and is free of its tyrannies and fears. We others, contemplating the poet's works in the study or on the stage, are liberated by them and raised above ourselves in just the measure in which they hold and interpret human experiences that we too have known and have endured. Hence to increase the dignity and worth and appeal of any art, including the art of the theatre, it is necessary (whether the technical method be naturalistic or idealistic) to bring it ever closer and closer to the concrete realities of man's struggle with himself and with his world. Mr. Craig wants to create first a new mythology and then a new ritual in his durable theatres. What the sane friends of the theatre desire is to strip it of those remnants of the old mythologies and rituals that still so often make it a tawdry and a shameful thing. Mr. Craig wants a drama of faith. Let him go to see the melodramas. There he will find fierce tribal faiths and age-long delusions of hatred and terror still at their ancient business of intolerance and persecution and self-righteousness and force. There he will learn that, if he were to build his theatre-temples in his new order, and free spirits were to build still other theatres, the kings and sacerdotal managers of his dim shrines would soon be at their old tricks of burning both the non-conformist and his house.

The problem of improving or, if you will, reforming the living theatre is, in truth, neither so intricate nor so esoteric as Mr. Craig and a few other theorists would have us believe. The theatre on the Continent of Europe has been, for rather more than thirty years, in a very tolerable condition. In no city of any considerable size in France or Germany or Austria or Switzerland or Holland or Scandinavia has a season gone by without many adequate representations of the works of the

To the readers of the Nation

THE OXFORD SHAKESPEARE

Comedies—Histories and Poems—Tragedies

With Glossary and Portrait

Crown, 8vo. (7¾x5½)

Edited by W. J. CRAIG

with an introduction by
A. C. SWINBURNE

and introductory studies for each play by
E. DOWDEN

Printed on Oxford Bible Paper, bound in Venetian Morocco (maroon) gilt top, 3 volumes boxed.

Brentano's have purchased the few remaining sets of this excellent Edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works and are offering the same as long as the limited supply lasts at

$9.00

for the set, forwarding charges extra.

BOOKSELLERS TO THE WORLD

BRENTANO'S

Fifth Avenue and 27th Street
New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

modern masters or a few dignified and intelligent revivals of the classics of all countries. For a variety of reasons, some obscure enough, some clear to any observer, the theatre of the English-speaking countries lags behind. The immediate practical problem is obvious: to work towards a condition of our theatre and its audiences in which Shakespeare and Sheridan, Galsworthy and Shaw will be as gladly and as widely heard as Molière and Goethe, Ibsen and Hauptmann, Hervieu and Schnitzler are heard in their respective countries. That problem, assuredly, will not be solved, it will not even be touched, by an amiable and gifted mystic who flies in the face of historic processes. L. L.

Art

Water Color in New York and Philadelphia

WATER color is a delicate medium and needs to be used and treated delicately. At first it was a mere arrangement of lines and flat washes for the English, who claim the art as particularly their own, but gradually it was elaborated into a substitute for oils—an unsatisfactory substitute except when it gave color as beautiful as we find in some of the early work of the Pre-Raphaelites.

The American artist appears to have forgotten the simplicity and to revel in the elaboration. As a rule—of course, as always, there are exceptions—he selects the same subjects and strives for the same effects as if he were working in oils, so losing the charm and delicacy of his medium. And, not content with this, he is very likely to exhibit his water color with as little care and feeling as his oil paintings. The exhibition of the New York Water Color Club in Fifty-seventh Street is a case in point. Water colors that, at a glance, look like oils are crowded together in two large galleries, hung close on sombre walls under a decoration of heavy garlands, while the catalogue crowds names, titles, and numbers on its pages in much the same fashion, as if bent on discouraging even the enthusiast from consulting it.

The Philadelphia Water Color Club at the Pennsylvania Academy does better. It also accepts too much, but it has more space at its disposal. Its greater interest, however, is due to its greater variety. Black-and-white is included and the eye is rested and refreshed by the change from one medium to another. Besides, black-and-white alone admits of infinite variety, and every advantage has been taken of it. There are many drawings. What can be done with charcoal is seen in the designs of Walter Taylor, varying as they do from his fine war poster "Give all you have to give"—so powerful in its use of strong blacks the wonder is so little use was made of it at the time—to his portraits almost in outline, none more successful in the study of character than the "George Arliss." What can be done with pencil is gathered from Earl Horter's records of the picturesqueness of streets and houses in the process of building. And Samuel Davis Otis at least recalls the beautiful use made of pen-and-ink by the illustrators of twenty-five or thirty years ago. There are also many prints. Etching may not be the medium best made to the hand of Arthur B. Davies, but his series of notes, chiefly of the nude, are suggestive, done it is not always easy to say just how, so faint and indefinite are lines and tints; and the notes themselves are so slight that, though suggestive, they would have been more appropriately jotted down in pencil or ink on the leaves of a sketch book for reference in the studio. The possibilities of the etching needle are better studied in such plates as the series of railroad stations by Joseph Pennell, where the bitten line, reinforced by dry point, gives what could not be given in any other way. Etching is not an art to be played with in the painter's off hours. Earl Horter, in his etchings, has not entirely escaped from Meryon, but a plate like his "Cathedral Dome" shows him well on his way to working out something of his own. Devitt Welsh uses the needle for the reproduction of paintings and does get richness and color with it, bu at the sacrifice of line. Frank Brangwyn repeats the "offense" of the big plate, which does not prove more inoffensive with repetition. He comes nearer to truth and is far less spectacular in at least one lithograph, the "Church of St. Martin, Ypres." Here the tragedy seems real, the deep shadows and white spaces are as nature, and ruin, not the stage manager, arranged them; Mr. Brangwyn has rarely been so impressive. The other lithographs are few and not remarkable—not to be compared to last year's fine display of foreign and American war posters.

The principal centre of the largest gallery is given to three pastels by Mary Cassatt: a portrait of "Sisters" and two studies of a "Mother and Child." In the midst of many strenuous attempts to be in the new movement, they have the air of Old Masters, the serenity, the dignity. Their presence is a timely reminder that the rebels of Mary Cassatt's day did not discard form, color, respect for surface, feeling for medium. The "Mother and Child" are frankly a mother and child, not indefinite figures lost in a chaos of disjointed impressions of what the artist might or could or would have seen and magnified, remembered, and anticipated. When rebels aim at throwing off all tradition they allow themselves no frankness, no directness, though they preach it, and for their greater security evolve a formula which may be genuine in the restrictions it places upon them, but is a hindrance to their followers to whom it does not belong. No one would be so foolish as to object to experiment on the part of an artist; it is to the parrot-like re-echo of the experiment that objection is made. Much of the prevailing vagueness is due not to the groping of artists after the methods of expression best suited to their needs, but to their struggle to master other artists' methods which apparently they do not understand. It is because Childe Hassam has been entirely engrossed in his own problems of design and color in his Rockport Quarry series, and Paul Dougherty in his own impression of sea and rocks, and Birger Sandzen in his own study of the growth of pines, that their work seems so vigorous and stimulating. Glackens explains, in a pastel of children skipping the rope, that the use of shorthand does not always mean the artist's want of something to say. And it is a relief to come upon schemes as simple as Violet Oakley's Turner-inspired memoranda of effects of color and light; as M. W. Zimmerman's low-toned patterns wrought out of the houses of a street, or the birches of a wood, at night; as the combination of line and flat washes in Carl Erickson's little portraits—not so good as last year's—and Samuel Davis Otis's joyous little "Olympia" series. It is the absence of the personal note that is so grievously felt in much recent work.

There are miniatures by the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters; there is work done by the students in the Summer School at Chester Springs. But the exhibition is already over large without these two additional sections. Miniature painters and students both would run a better chance of appreciation if they gave separate exhibitions. N. N.

Whatever book you want

Wanamaker's

has it, or will get it.

We buy old, rare books, and sets of books

NEW YORK and PHILADELPHIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

Contents

PARTY POLITICS IN RUMANIA. By Henry G. Alsberg 695
DOCUMENTS:—PEACE IN THE BALKANS: A BULGARIAN SOLUTION 697
NOTES 699

Party Politics in Rumania

Bucharest, October 13

AFTER staying in Rumania a short time one finds it increasingly difficult to take the Rumanian situation seriously. The present Cabinet represents neither itself, nor the King, nor the people, nor the army, to which most of its members belong, but the Liberal party, of which J. C. Bratianu is the leader, owner, and controller. Americans will get a vivid and accurate picture of Rumania if they think of New York of the Tweed days. But Rumania has much more justification for its present low state of political morality than ever had New York. Rumania has an illiteracy rate approaching ninety per cent., and on account of the restricted franchise all the political power has until recently been lodged in the hands of about 3,000 landlords who have joined forces with the financiers of the cities to accomplish the exploitation of the country.

At present, although Rumania has a model Constitution, for one reason or another its provisions have never been put into effect. There is a Court of Cassation, analogous to our Supreme Court in its authority, which on most occasions lends itself to the purposes of the Government that happens to be in power. Despite an explicit clause in the Rumanian Constitution forbidding a censorship of any kind at any time, the Court of Cassation frequently ruled, even before the war, that the Government could interfere with and censor the press. Recently, for the sake of appearances, the censorship in old Rumania was abolished. But in its place a device very similar to that embodied in the war-time law in the United States has been installed. Newspapers are allowed to print what they like, subject always to a visit from the police after going to press. Formerly an offending column of material was simply wiped out by the censor. Now the offending editor is frequently wiped out by the police. Matter considered subversive of the public interest is often merely matter subversive of the interests of M. Bratianu. In the newly acquired provinces, Transylvania, Bukowina, and Bessarabia, the old system of censorship—censorship before the fact—still exists.

Elections are never honestly conducted. The party controlling the elections generally wins—hence, the present outcry of all the parties of the Opposition, apart from the small group represented by Marghiloman, against the control of the coming elections by the Liberals. The uproar is particularly great because Bratianu has so completely loaded the dice against the Opposition. In my talk with him the other day, he made a great deal of the fact that he no longer was the Government, but had patriotically stepped aside in order that a non-partisan Cabinet of generals might quiet the clamor and conduct open and fair elections. As a matter of fact, Bratianu dominates the present Cabinet of generals just as formerly he dominated his Cabinet of political hacks. His office is in constant close telephonic communication with that of the Prime Minister, General Vaetianu. In addition to the advantage given him by his domination of the Government—which means that he has at his disposal all the usual devices for controlling elections—he has also the advantage of the present state of martial law, under which he can prevent his opponents from holding meetings or making any effective campaign.

I talked with several of the Opposition leaders, among them Take Jonescu. Jonescu is the man who probably did more to bring Rumania into the war on the side of the Entente than any other Rumanian statesman. Yet now, as he told me rather bitterly, he will probably not even be a member of the Constituent Assembly soon to be elected. He said: "The truth is that M. Bratianu wishes to remain in power chiefly because his partisans have been guilty of such abuses and such corruption since 1914 that they fear just punishment. The Government is not only dominated by M. Bratianu, whose ministers are still controlling the various departments, of which the generals in the Cabinet are only nominal heads, but it is also a military dictatorship. Under such a Government the elections, which are always held under government pressure, will be a tragic farce."

Yet Jonescu himself, I am told, was no better than Bratianu. His reputation seems to be much greater abroad than it is at home. His party, that of Conservatives, has quite gone to pieces and he has succeeded in preserving his influence only by uniting his forces with those of General Avarescu. This general appears to be one of the few who showed a successful front to the Germans. The peasants worship him; he has become their war hero. Bratianu told me with a great deal of bitterness that the General had no platform whatever, but agreed with every faction. Jonescu does not represent any advanced ideas. He is supported by a number of landlords who do not wish to allow the peasants to get possession of the land even under the very conservative terms of the decree already issued, which Bratianu will try to force the Constituent Assembly to ratify. Avarescu stands with Jonescu on this matter; so that the peasants seem to be supporting their enemies.

In other matters very little difference exists between the Liberals and the Conservatives. Jonescu was quite unwilling to condemn the Liberals for their stand against the economic and minority clauses in the Treaty of St. Germain, but simply uttered a few vague platitudes and pious wishes. He advocated friendship with the Entente but offered no definite plan for accomplishing this end. In internal matters he seems to differ with Bratianu chiefly as to the method by which Rumania shall be exploited. Jonescu believes in the old-fashioned way: call in the foreign capitalists; let them rob the country, or, to speak politely, develop it, on condition that they divide the spoils with the party in power. Bratianu thinks he has discovered a new method. His catchword is "Rumania for the Rumanians." This means Rumania for the Liberal party. My opinion is that in the end the Liberals will find it more profitable to let the foreign capitalists do the brain work, and restrict their own activities to the "rake-off."

After talking with Jonescu, I went to the Socialist headquarters. The Socialist party has always been treated in this country as an outlaw. Its activities have been circum-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scribed, its meetings broken up by the police. Its propagandists never have been allowed to work among the peasants. If a Socialist attempted to hold a meeting of peasants he was arrested and imprisoned. The party, consequently, has never had an opportunity to grow. It had no deputies in the old Parliament, but this cannot be considered surprising in view of the fact that the whole of old Rumania had only 40,000 voters, and that the country was very carefully gerrymandered. During the war the party grew surprisingly; its membership in old Rumania increased from 4,000 to 24,000 members. In addition the unions, all socialistic in tendency, have 75,000 members. This increase has taken place despite a terrific persecution, which has outdistanced anything done in peace times. Almost all the Socialist bureaus in the towns have been closed. During the last few months over 5,000 days of "provisional" imprisonment have been given Socialist propagandists; long-term, definitive sentences aggregating eighty-five years have been passed on members of the party. The censorship naturally hits the Socialists worst of all. In the first place, the party's newspapers are allowed no print paper by the Government, which controls the paper supply. All party pamphlets must be submitted to the censor, who deletes everything of which he does not approve, even including such expressions as "Long live socialism," "Do not vote with the bourgeois parties," "The farmers create the wealth and the *boyars* consume it." In Bessarabia it is even forbidden to use the word "socialism." Seventy out of one hundred of the party members are mobilized. Most of the working people in the factories have been forbidden to take part in political activities. Many of their candidates for office are either arrested or mobilized.

In view of existing conditions I was not surprised when Moscowitz, the secretary of the Socialist party, in answer to a query of mine, pointed out that the Socialists had no other course than to join the other parties in remaining away from the elections. The party in Rumania is revolutionary rather than evolutionary. It regards parliamentarianism as only one form of propaganda. Hence, with all freedom of legitimate agitation denied, Socialist leaders think more can be gained in the way of publicity by joining Jonescu, Avarescu, Lupu, and the others in refusing to take part in the elections. Since voting is compulsory, one of two things will happen: the peasants and working people will go to the polls, and instead of voting, will cross out the names of all the candidates on the lists; or they will refuse to go, and the Government, because of their numbers, will be unable to punish them. Incidentally, they hope for election disorders, which will be grist to the revolutionary mill, but in Rumania, as elsewhere in Middle-Eastern Europe, there is little likelihood of revolution. Yet patient work will make socialism strong. In some of the rural districts where there are factories, in the petrol country of Prahowa and Ploesti and in the small towns where the textile and furniture factories are situated, there seems to have been a progressive infiltration of the party's doctrines. The peasants come into the factories to work, and absorb socialism from their fellow workmen. In Bukowina and Transylvania, where the party was formerly a branch of the Austrian organization, it has reached a much higher stage of development than in old Rumania. In Transylvania there are 150,000 party members. This includes the unions, which are in control. The Bukowinian Socialists have, on occasion, dared to show their teeth to the Rumanian Government—the only opposition group that has had this degree of temerity coupled with the ability to survive. In Bessarabia the party seems to be rather weak.

Perhaps only one word need be added to what I have already said about socialism in Rumania. The party intends to subscribe to the Second Internationale with reservations. The reservations refer to Noske and the German Right Wing, and to Bissolati and his followers. If these conservative leaders are recognized by the Second Internationale as real members of the party, then the Rumanians will secede and go over to the Third Internationale.

After having interviewed both the Conservative and the Socialist groups, I went over to see Dr. Lupu, who is forming his own Independent Peasant party, and tried to get from him an idea of what the peasants are thinking. I was surprised to hear from him that they are disappointed in the decree which enables them to buy the land. Before the war four million acres of land belonged to the peasants and an equal amount to the *boyars*. Now a large part of the *boyars'* land is to be sold to the peasants. A good deal has already come into the hands of the peasant communities, but no real division has yet been made. Lupu and his adherents maintain that too much land is being left to the proprietors, that the price asked is too high, and that 300,000 peasants will be left landless. Lupu further asserts that the Liberals by their manipulations have weakened the peasant coöperative associations, which at one time formed one concern with 600,000,000 *leis* capital. This large coöperative has been broken up by the Government into five smaller companies, "nationalized," and turned over to the politicians.

Lupu, despite censorship and martial law, has decided to take an active part in the coming elections. His chief strength is drawn from the farming districts in Moldavia, and he feels that he can do better work in the Constituent Assembly, even if alone, than on the outside. He told me that he would gain in a minority fight, while Jonescu, who was really reactionary, and Avarescu, who followed Jonescu blindly, would lose strength in an electoral contest where they might be forced to take a decided stand on the land question. In this he quite agreed with Bratianu, who sneeringly hinted to me that the reason his enemies were avoiding the elections was that they had no principles with which they dared go to the people.

I am of the opinion that Bratianu will not dare hold the elections under present circumstances, when a packed Constituent Assembly must result. This would be too brazen. He told me that the present Ministry would not sign the peace treaty except with reservations as to the minority and economic clauses. The people who are wise in Rumanian ways maintain that Bratianu is merely bluffing, and the military Cabinet will sign if the Conference insists. When I talked with him, Bratianu seemed in a belligerent frame of mind toward America. "America is misinformed by malicious persons as to Rumania; Rumania has already given equal rights to its minorities; Rumania is the most liberal country in the world; in Hungary, Rumania has only been taking its own, what Hungarians had taken during the war. Rumania will be willing to submit to regulations by the League if only the other nations will do as much. There should not be two kinds of independence, one for the small nations and one for the great; if America will submit its Negro question to the League, Rumania will go to the same tribunal with its Jews."

If these elections are actually held at the commencement of November, Rumania will have no peace. Agitation,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

violence, and corruption will continue, and the slightest impact from outside, an attack from Russia, withdrawal of financial help by the United States, will serve to bring on revolution. Until Bratianu really recognizes that the country is on a basis of universal suffrage, Rumania will enjoy no stability. Bratianu may know his own people, but he has very little idea of the outside world. Otherwise he would not intimate as he did to me that Rumania had obtained everything it needed from the Entente and was now self-sufficing. The Rumanian debt must be appalling. Except for a little oil, Rumania is exporting nothing, largely because of the Government policy, which till recently levied export taxes on everything, especially on grain. But the country needs tremendous quantities of manufactured goods. Practically everything has to be imported, from pins to turbines, from shoes to window glass. The Government has put a very high import duty on nearly everything. This does not prevent imports, but it gives the customs officers an opportunity for graft. The population has to pay that much more for absolute necessities, and the Government is very little richer. Rumania will not have enough money until its exports of grain, wool, and oil really begin. Very shortly it will have to borrow from the United States. The tremendous importance of the financial problem and the part it may play in Rumania's future, Bratianu is too provincial to realize. So the Government proceeds by corrupt and wasteful methods to add to the debt created by the country's unfavorable trade balance. What Rumania needs is a complete political overhauling. Until a new type of leader arises, the better elements despair of any improvement. The present situation gives little indication that such a leader will soon arise, and the prospect for the Rumanian people is accordingly none too bright.

HENRY G. ALSBERG

Documents

Peace in the Balkans: A Bulgarian Solution

AN interesting consideration of the future of Bulgaria and the problem of peace in the Balkans is contained in the following letter, addressed by M. Theodoroff, the chief of the Bulgarian delegation to the Peace Conference, to a leading member of the Conference, whose name in this connection must be withheld:

Neuilly on Seine, September 2, 1919

Sir: The Bulgarian Delegation has already been five weeks at Château de Madrid, waiting for the decisions of the Conference upon all the questions affecting Bulgaria. Given the particular situation in which we are placed, I have no right perhaps to address you thus; but the friendship with which you have honored me in the past and my deep conviction that all the obstacles which now stand between us will soon and forever be removed, give me courage to send you the following lines, prompted by the feeling of my duty towards my unfortunate country, as well as by the esteem and sympathy which I feel for your great and noble nation. I hope, therefore, that you will excuse my boldness.

I learn from the newspapers—in so far as they may be considered good sources of information—that this week the Peace Conference will have definitely to decide the conditions of the peace treaty which will be presented to Bulgaria, including, among others, certain territorial concessions in favor of our Serbian and Greek neighbors. This last circumstance fills me with despair not only concerning the future of my country, but also as regards the lasting, I wish I could say the perpetual, peace in the Balkans.

Placed at the head of the Bulgarian Delegation to the Peace Conference, I esteem it an imperative duty to plead for a solution that will establish once for all peace in this volcanic corner of Europe called the Balkan Peninsula, for the safety of the many people that inhabit it, as in the general interest of humanity. My efforts in that direction—they are also those of the greater and the most vigorous section of the Bulgarian nation—do not date from yesterday. As far back as 1912, I was one of the convinced and ardent promoters of the Balkan Entente, an initiator of the treaties of alliance concluded in the course of the same year between Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro, as is well known to M. Pashitch and M. Venizelos. The sad events since that period, while strengthening my conviction of the imperious necessity of this Entente, in the general interest of humanity, have persuaded me that the peoples of the Peninsula, considered in their whole and left to themselves, are even less capable of accomplishing this noble task today than in the past. It is true that the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, which always considered it a matter of vital interest to prevent all Balkan entente, or even to destroy it at any price, if it ever should be realized, exists no more. But, instead of that, we have before us today the immoderate appetites of certain Balkan nations, which, according to my modest opinion, present for the future peace of the Balkans a much greater danger than the preceding state of things. Happily, against this danger, humanity today possesses the moral and material power of the Peace Conference, which might and should create permanent and unalterable conditions for such a peace. It would really be deplorable if, after all the noble blood poured upon the battlefields during this world's catastrophe, the great nations which made the heaviest sacrifices did not use the great means at their disposal to heal radically the wound of the Balkans.

Two methods are open to them for this noble task of pacification: the first, warmly recommended by the adversaries of Bulgaria—Greeks, Serbs, and Rumanians—tends to represent Bulgaria as solely responsible for all the troubles in the Balkans; she is accused of following a policy of aggressive imperialism, of aspiring to the hegemony of the Balkans, and of desiring to despoil all the surrounding peoples. Consequently, she must be weakened, diminished, and rendered incapable of injuring her good neighbors. Such arguments are always readily accepted by the powerful and by the victorious. It is in this way that the Turks accused the Bulgarians before their liberation and during the long period of rebellion in Macedonia, although nobody today will give reason to the Turks or blame the Bulgarians. It is also in this way that three great empires, in the past, accused Poland of sedition and on three different occasions partitioned her, deluding themselves with the belief that they cured the wrong in the most radical fashion. But today the enlightened conscience of humanity has secured the triumph of what had been overthrown by force. This method of settling the troubled situation of the Balkans has already been tried twice as regards my unhappy country, without peace and civilization deriving any profit. Under the influence of Bismarck, at the Congress of Berlin in 1878, Bulgaria, with its boundaries fixed at the Conference of Constantinople and by the treaty of San-Stefano, was divided into five parts, not because it had committed any wrong (it had only just entered life), but in order to protect the European equilibrium, as it was then conceived in Berlin. The result was that for more than thirty-five years, the world was disturbed by the acts of injustice and oppression in Macedonia and the whole of European Turkey, for which the Bulgarians were the least responsible. For the second time, Bulgaria was accused and condemned at Bucharest, in July, 1913. She was charged with being the only cause for the disruption of the Balkan Alliance, although it is notorious that Serbia, by its note of 12/25 May, 1913, had declared null the treaty of alliance with Bulgaria and, on 19 May /1 June, 1913, had concluded with Greece a secret alliance

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for dividing between themselves the territories just delivered from Turkish rule, notwithstanding the treaties of alliance between Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece, purely on the ground of the principle of the Balkan equilibrium, of effective occupation, etc. The guilt of Bulgaria was that she was growing big and formidable for her allies of the past, Greece and Serbia, as for Rumania and Turkey. Bulgaria was literally despoiled of the territorial acquisitions to which she was entitled: (a) by reason of her military successes and numerous sacrifices; (b) by virtue of her treaties of alliance with Serbia and Greece; (c) on the basis of the principle of nationalities and the liberty of nations, in the name of which this war of liberation was undertaken; and (d) in accordance with the Peace Treaty of London of 17/30 May, 1913. In the name of the principle of Balkan equilibrium she only received Thrace and a very small part of Macedonia (the regions of Strumitza and Nevrokop). Rumania hastened, without any right or any merit, to occupy the Quadrilateral for purely strategical reasons, while the Turks, pressed by Germany, reoccupied the greater part of the territory of Thrace (from the Enos-Midia line to the Maritza). This injustice committed at Bucharest towards Bulgaria and the Bulgarian people rested upon the factitious argument that Bulgaria ought to be punished for having "betrayed its Allies" and rendered inoffensive for its neighbors. It is now well known to what extent this treaty consolidated the alliance between Rumania, Serbia, and Greece, and assured the peace of the Balkans.

Today Bulgaria is once again the accused party; it is again Bulgaria that must be punished, and deprived not only of the few particles of territory which were left to her in 1913 as if by pity, but also of part of her national inheritance, universally recognized as Bulgarian, in order to place it under the Serbian yoke. This new amputation of Bulgaria can be justified neither by the principle of equilibrium, since her neighbors become incomparably stronger in number (a total of thirty-five millions of Rumanian, Serbian, and Greek inhabitants as against four and one-half millions of Bulgarians), nor by the principle of nationalities, since Thrace has not been recognized as Greek; Viddin, Kustendil, and Strumitza are not Serbian, while the Quadrilateral is still less Rumanian; consequently "strategical reasons" alone would be the motive for such pretensions. I do not judge these reasons; I merely ask myself if it is just, if it is humane, if it is consistent with the principles of liberty and fraternity, of which the French nation has for centuries been the most complete incarnation, to condemn to servitude Bulgarian populations which, after enduring the Turkish rule for five hundred years, followed by a brief spell of freedom owing to the benevolent help of Russia in 1878 and of the Powers of the Entente in 1912, are again to be thrown under the oppression of the Greeks, of the Serbs, and the Rumanians, with the sole object of punishing the Bulgarian state and its temporary Government. I also ask myself, and this question is no less important at the moment when peace is being concluded, where is one going to find the moral and material force necessary for the assimilation, expulsion, or extermination of this Bulgarian population with a view to supporting the newly created situation, that is to say, the peace in the Balkans? A decision resting on injustice, vengeance, and rancor could never count on the support of your great nation, and the enlightened conscience of France would decline such help. One would soon be obliged to seek for a remedy, and I am convinced that such is not the intention of the elevated minds which take part today in the Conference, under the chairmanship of a great Frenchman.

The peace of the Balkans will not depend upon the size of Bulgaria. The Bulgarian people, fully possessing their liberty since the departure of Ferdinand, are determined to make all the sacrifices necessary for the preservation of peace in the Balkans, as they have so generously offered them in the past for the obtainment of their independence. Great or small, Bulgaria wishes to be an element of peace and order, and to live on friendly terms with its neighbors; but the surrender of purely Bulgarian populations to other states governing them by means of exclusive systems, as Rumania has done in Dobrudja and Serbia in Macedonia, must prove a cause of trouble and conflicts in the future. The more the Bulgarian territory is diminished in favor of its neighbors, the greater these dangers will be. One cannot consolidate peace by enlarging the zone of oppression. Lastly, if Bulgaria must be punished for the errors of its Government and if its neighbors must be rewarded, her sins are sufficiently expiated by the loss of about 400,000 men (killed and wounded) during the three wars from 1912-1913 to 1915-1918, in the vain endeavor of winning liberty for a Bulgarian population of a million and a half of men, women, and children, actually living in Macedonia and Dobrudja, while our neighbors have been rewarded by seeing their wildest hopes realized.

More than this, it is demanded that Bulgaria should be deprived of all direct access to the Ægean Sea, which would weaken for many long years its material development within its restricted frontiers. The Bulgarian ports on the Ægean Sea are not indispensable to Greece and to Serbia, but the taking of them would considerably impede the material progress of Bulgaria and its commercial relations with the Great Powers —France, England, America, and Italy—as if the increase of misery in Bulgaria could be to the advantage of its neighbors and profitable to peace.

When in 1913, Wilhelm II fought "like a lion" to deprive Bulgaria of Cavalla in favor of the Greeks, and when in 1914, at the conclusion of the Bulgarian loan, the German Banks took measures to prevent Bulgaria from reaching the sea by way of Porto-Lagos, this could easily be explained by the fact that German policy intended to use Bulgaria as a hinterland for the Central Powers and to deprive the Great Western Powers and America of the shortest and most favorable route for their penetration into the Balkans. But that today these same German plans should be proposed by the Great Powers of the Entente in the intention of punishing Bulgaria, is more difficult to understand. Given all these considerations, I think that the policy of humiliating, punishing, and weakening Bulgaria in the interest of its neighbors, is both irrational and unjust. On the contrary, it will foster and promote discontent, rivalries, and rancor between the populations of the Peninsula, without assuring more tranquility and peace than in the past.

The second method of pacification, in my opinion, lies in the radical elimination of the very causes of trouble in the Balkans. They are, no doubt, due to the struggle of the Balkan populations for their liberty and their national unity, and are not inspired by feelings of obstinacy or hostility towards the great democratic Powers. The surest way of settling the question is to allow them to determine their own future by means of a plebiscite, embracing all the populations delivered from the Turkish yoke since 1912. If this plebiscite cannot be immediately carried out, at least its basis could be laid down for the future; while, during the interval, an autonomy might be assured to these regions under the immediate control of one or several of the Great Powers, or of the League of Nations. But, in such a case, let this system be equally applied to all the populations delivered by the war of liberation of 1912-1913, which was ended by the Treaty of London, approved both by the Great Powers and by all the Balkan states. Let the Treaty of Bucharest of 1913, which was a deed of violence, reposing on alleged equilibrium and on effective occupation, be set aside, so that the liberty consecrated by the Treaty of London might become general and equal for all the populations from the Enos-Midia line to the old frontiers of Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro. As for Rumania, let her withdraw, as regards Dobrudja, to her boundaries of 1912.

Bulgaria has made the heaviest sacrifices in view of this liberty; but she will renounce all her claims, if a similar disinterestedness is imposed on the other Balkan states, or freely accepted by them. Let all the nations, big and small, freely use the ports of the new state thus constituted—Salonica, Cavalla, and Dédéagatch—and let this new state serve as a pledge for the future Balkan confederation. Such a peace would be the most consistent with the great principles of lib-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erty and with the right of peoples to self-determination, the worthiest of the noble sacrifices made by all the nations, the best guarantee for a just and lasting peace in the Balkans, and a real salvation of humanity. This second method is manifestly preferable to the first, (1) because it is in entire conformity with the principles proclaimed by the Great Powers, before the war, during the war, and after the war, and constituting a sort of political gospel for the present and the future of humanity; (2) it will most completely satisfy the populations of Thrace and of Macedonia delivered from the Turkish yoke in 1912-1913, assuring both their welfare and their progress; (3) it will eliminate all the pretexts of rivalries and strife between the Balkan states and will facilitate the establishing of the future confederation; (4) it will consolidate the peace in the Balkans; (5) it does not admit servitude as a method of punishing states and populations.

The taking from Bulgaria of Western Thrace, which even our adversaries did not have the courage to demand in 1913, although they were victorious, will make the Great Powers appear to the eyes of the populations more pro-Greek than M. Venizelos himself, and will provoke so great an indignation that it would cause more harm than good to Greece herself. Geographically it would for a long time remove Bulgaria from France and the great naval Powers and injure the political, commercial, and cultural interests which these states, by the fact of becoming our immediate neighbors through the sea, might subsequently develop and acquire in the very heart of the Balkans.

The occupation of Strumitza and of other parts of old Bulgaria by the Serbs, after the injustice committed at Bucharest, would open a new and incurable sore in the Serbo-Bulgarian relations. Austria, whose political object was to create an abyss between the two neighboring and brotherly peoples, would rejoice at such a fact if she could rise from the dead, but the Slav world or those who know best the history of both nations and the ethnography of the populations of these regions, would be overwhelmed with grief. Serbia itself will recognize the error and will repent of it on the morrow after this injustice has been committed. These absorptions of Bulgarian elements, far from strengthening Serbia (I do not say Jugoslavia, because I am convinced that the Croats and Slovenes do not approve of these immoderate appetites), will, on the contrary, considerably weaken it, and instead of being the guardian of order and tranquillity in the Balkans, Serbia itself would become a source of anxiety to its friends. I may give as an instance the demand of Serbia for the district of Tzaribrod so as to come nearer the gates of Sophia. For twenty-five years I have always been the candidate of, and have nearly always been elected deputy by, this constituency which, as I might personally testify, does not include a single Serb or person sympathizing with the Serbs. You can easily imagine my anguish if the decisions of the Conference impose on me the task of signing the severing from Bulgaria of these inhabitants who during forty years have formed part of the Bulgarian state and amongst whom the best soldiers of the Bulgarian army (especially the 25th Regiment of Dragomans) have been recruited, in order that they should be handed over to the Serbs against whom they fought so stubbornly only yesterday! No, I shall never believe that one can serve peace in the Balkans on such lines, or can thus obtain the honest and just peace for which the French people, above all others, have shed their noble blood. My affection for France and my high esteem of its civilization make it impossible for me to believe in such a thing.

"The Bulgarians are traitors and we cannot trust them." These are the words used by those who, not knowing us, judge us according to information furnished by our adversaries, without troubling to listen to us. I do not propose to defend my country from the discredit which such a nefarious man as Ferdinand has brought upon it. But from what I have observed, seen, and learned after living for forty years in the midst of the Bulgarian people, I venture to affirm that it has never proved unfaithful to its word, to its feelings, and to its liabilities. In 1913, it was the victim of the treachery of its allies who violated the formal treaties concluded with Bulgaria and allied themselves against it. In 1915, it became the victim of a king who, with his diplomatic dexterity and with the political inexperience of his country, and incited at a fatal hour by Germany, Austria, Turkey, Rumania, and Greece, launched Bulgaria against Serbia in a paroxysm of revenge. I know that nations are responsible and often pay a high price for the errors of their sovereigns; but I cannot admit that great and generous nations like France, England, and all those that today are laying the foundations of the future, and have often suffered from the faults of their rulers, will stifle their feelings of commiseration and pity toward a small country delivered but forty years ago, and betrayed by a king who did not even rejoice in the privilege of having been freely elected by his nation and who was always in open conflict with it. Still, if plausible motives have been found for copiously favoring nations which for thirty years have been in formal alliance with Germany and Austria, and became the allies of the Entente a few months before the end of the war—in spite of themselves—is it impossible to have a feeling of indulgence toward a nation which became their enemy against its will? If so many other nations have been favored and rewarded solely on account of their sympathies and friendship for the Entente, which they opposed to the tyrannic system of Germany, why should one not recognize in the case of our people this same feeling attested by thousands of sentences and executions of soldiers disapproving of the war, and by the fact that eleven generals and more than a hundred Bulgarian officers voluntarily fought in the ranks of the Russian army against the Germans? Why not recognize the obstinacy with which the Bulgarian soldier, in agreement with his countrymen in the rear, manifested his opposition by declining to participate in all offensive movements on the southern front, and by ending the defensive war through his theory of *defaitisme* on this same front?

I consider it my duty to add the following to what I have already said: The Bulgarian people have always felt the greatest admiration and affection for France, and these feelings have not changed to this day. More than any other nation of the Balkan Peninsula, Bulgaria has entertained as regards Germany feelings of distrust and antagonism, and before this war there were no Germanophiles in our country, nor any current favorable to Germany, such as could be found amongst our neighbors. The legislative elections which took place on the 17th of August last on the basis of the proportional system have proved that there is no Germanophile party in Bulgaria today, as there will be no such party in the future. The war of 1915-1918 was an act of folly, committed by the king, which will remain an isolated event in our history, and to which the entire nation opposed itself even to the point of becoming *defaitiste*. The Bulgarian people, after imposing the abdication of Ferdinand, at the cost of 2,000 victims fallen in the neighborhood of Sophia, has the firm hope that first France, and after her the other Great Powers, will in the future give them the opportunity of proving in indubitable fashion their real feelings and sympathies. It is this hope that has maintained order in the country since the armistice and has prevented civil war—the inevitable sequence of despair.

Today, in the Bulgarian Delegation to the Peace Conference are to be found the leaders of the five Bulgarian political groups which represent the whole people, with the exception of the Communists and the Democrats. They have come here, not only to fulfil the formality of signing the peace treaty, but also to lay down once for always the foundations of the lasting policy of the people. True to their past and in agreement with King Boris, who is and will remain the trusted organ of the same policy, they confide all their hopes for the future to France and to her Allies, so that Bulgaria may become the steadfast support of their work of peace and of progress in the Balkans.

I beg you to excuse me for inflicting on you the tediousness of such a long letter. I am at the present moment under the obsession of the overwhelming thought that, in spite of all my confidence in the triumph of right and of justice, some of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

errors and iniquities which I wish to prevent are perhaps on the point of being committed. I foresee the terrible disillusionment which, in such a case, will take possession of the nation which, deeply believing it has sacrificed its dearest and best on behalf of their enslaved brothers, would not only see the vanity of all its efforts, but would also find itself under the crushing weight of an implacable condemnation. The order which has reigned in Bulgaria since the armistice is due to the hope that the great civilized nations would be indulgent towards it. Disillusionment would sharpen the evil instincts of those who are now under constraint, and could very easily lead to despair. The internecine struggles which will not fail to break out, with the object of striking and punishing the authors of the national catastrophe, would destroy all things without distinction, both what is good and what is bad in the administration of the country, and might even break down that modest civilization which Bulgaria has succeeded in creating during forty years of free social life. The fears which I experience at the thought of all these troubles are my only excuse for addressing to you this long letter.

In the hope that the exceptional circumstances which have prompted me to write this letter will secure for it your attention, I pray you, sir, to accept the assurances of my great consideration.

(*Signed*) TH. THEODOROFF.

Notes

THE terms of the Bulgarian treaty, which the Bulgarian Delegation to the Peace Conference signed on November 27 at Paris, may be summarized as follows: Bulgaria loses to Greece, to the Serb-Croat-Slovene state, and to the Allied and Associated Powers portions of its territory, including the strip of land bordering on the Ægean Sea. The Allies, however, agree to secure to Bulgaria an economic outlet to the Ægean. Bulgaria undertakes to recognize all treaties or agreements made by the Allies with states of the old Russian Empire, accepts the abrogation of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk and all treaties or agreements which it has entered into with the Soviet Government, and recognizes the British and French protectorates over Egypt and Morocco respectively. The Allies reserve to Russia the right to secure reparation from Bulgaria under the terms of the treaty. The military clauses cut down the Bulgarian army to a volunteer force which may not exceed 20,000 men; officers are required to enlist for a period of twenty, private soldiers for a period of twelve years. Under a modification of this provision, Bulgaria may organize a frontier guard of three thousand men, but this force must also be voluntary. It is allowed no naval and no air forces. Under the reparation clauses it is required to pay an indemnity of 2,250,000,000 francs in gold, in a series of semi-annual payments, beginning July 1, 1920. After January 1, 1921, each payment must include interest at the rate of five per cent. on the amount of the capital sum outstanding. Bulgaria undertakes to deliver to the Serb-Croat-Slovene state 50,000 tons of coal yearly for a period of five years, subject to modification by the Inter-Allied Commission, in case it shall decide that the delivery of that amount will interfere with the economic life of Bulgaria. The Allied Commission may, in case Bulgaria should fail to perform its obligations under these provisions of the treaty, assume full control of Bulgarian revenues. The economic clauses oblige Bulgaria to renounce all rights as to international, financial, or commercial organizations in Allied countries, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Turkey, or Russia. It agrees to expropriate, on demand of the Reparations Commission, any rights of its nationals in any public utility in these territories, in separated districts, or mandatories. It is required to revoke all exceptional war measures affecting the property of Allied nationals, while similar measures put into operation by the Allied and Associated Powers are declared final and binding.

ACCORDING to *The Manchester Guardian* of November 4, the Parliament of the North Caucasian Republic has made a vigorous protest to the Allied representative against the invasion of their country by Denikin's Volunteer Army. Its manifesto states that "the fate of the North Caucasian people presents a striking illustration of the way in which the entourage of Denikin and Kolchak hope to deal with the problem of small nationalities. The path of the Volunteer Army has been marked by ruined villages, executions, pillage, violated women, and defiled mosques." The forces of Denikin have driven the popular leaders from the country, and have placed over the people as rulers reactionary generals of the Czarist régime. The Parliament urges upon the Allied Powers, as necessary for the protection of the Caucasian people, (1) the evacuation of the Republic's territory by the Volunteer Army, and the fixing of a provisional frontier pending a final delimitation by the Peace Conference; (2) the immediate nomination of an International Commission to investigate the acts of the Volunteer Army in the conquered territory; (3) the stoppage of the compulsory enlistment of Caucasians in the Volunteer Army; and (4) the stoppage of compulsory levies upon the Caucasian population.

ON September 2, the Hon. E. G. Theodore, Secretary for Public Works in Queensland, Australia, delivered a speech explaining the Unemployed Workers Bill, which was at that time before the House for a second reading. The bill is the first practical attempt of the State to deal with the unemployment problem. It provides for the establishment of an unemployment council, composed of the Secretary for Public Works, a judge of the Arbitration Court, the Director of Labor, and a workers' and an employers' representative, elected by the respective employees' and employers' union. The duties of this council will be to study very carefully the labor situation, and it will have power to make special inquiry into employment laws, and industrial efficiency within the State; this power will include access to the records of private industries, to ascertain their financial standing. The second part of the bill provides for relief work to lessen unemployment. Since unemployment is very largely due to seasonal occupation, it will be the duty of the council to create work during slack seasons. This is to be done in three ways: first, by Government work—railway construction, harbor improvement, building construction, or any work for which the State is responsible; second, the local authorities will be called upon to provide work in the same way; third, private employers will be directed in certain cases to create employment. Public works undertaken by local authorities will have to be financed by means of loans from the State. The third proposal is somewhat drastic, as it provides that the council may, after the other two means have been tried and unemployment still exists, direct a private employer, whose income the preceding year exceeded fifteen per cent. of his capital, to create employment by development work in connection with his business. As an alternative, the employer may invest in Queensland Government securities any sum that is prescribed by the council. In each of these cases the council has merely the power of recommendation to the Governor in Council, who must put its recommendations into operation. It is inevitable, however, that these recommendations will have considerable weight, coming from a body authorized to investigate the labor problem more carefully and fully than any other group. The Government, finally, is to create a sustenance fund, to provide an allowance for persons unable to find employment. This fund is to be raised by an assessment of £2 per worker on every employer employing more than five workers in seasonal occupation. These are the important provisions of the bill. In reviewing them, the Secretary for Public Works pointed out that the Government could not compel a man to work, but that it should, on the other hand, find work for him if he wanted it, and would, of course, refuse an allowance to anyone who was unwilling to take work that was offered him. The operation of the bill will be watched with interest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of the Week

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Beveridge, Albert J. The Life of John Marshall. Volumes 3 and 4. Houghton Mifflin. $10.—Ohanian, Armên. La Danseuse de Shamakha. Paris: Librairie Bernard Grasset. 3 fr. 50.—Briggs, John Ely. William Peters Hepburn. Iowa City: State Historical Society.—Gerlich, Fritz. Der Kommunismus als Lehre vom tausend jahrigen Reich. Munich: Verlag Hugo Bruckmann.—Halsey, Francis Whiting (compiler). The Literary Digest History of the World War. Vols. I-IX. Funk & Wagnalls.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Glasier, J. Bruce. The Meaning of Socialism. Manchester: National Labour Press.

THE WAR

Ford, George B. Out of the Ruins. Century.—Lord Dunsany. Unhappy Far-off Things. Little, Brown. $1.25.—McPherson, William L. The Strategy of the Great War. Putnams.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Berger, Maurice. La Nouvelle Allemagne. Paris: Librairie Bernard Grasset.—Brailsford, Henry Noel. Across the Blockade. Harcourt, Brace & Howe. $1.50.

THE STEEL STRIKE

Second Edition

A special reconstruction number of the Survey which THROWS A SHAFT OF LIGHT into a situation in which there is much heat.

It is based on first-hand field reports—a piece of journalistic research comparable to the work of Ida M. Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker in the early days of McClure.

It is easy to damn Gary or Frick, Foster or Fitzpatrick; but to cut through the husk of distortion and propaganda to the truth of a complex situation is not so easy.

It is easy to please either section in a great industrial dispute, by arguing on the side of their prejudices; but to get recognition as sure-footed witnesses and contributors from straight-seeing men on both sides of the industrial cleavage is not so easy.

Says a mill-town minister of the steel strike number of the Survey:

"I can't properly express my appreciation of this number of the Survey. It is the first responsible and impartial report on steel strike conditions that has reached me."

Says an official of one of the steel companies:

"That number is a wonder. Congratulations."

Says a strike leader:

"Compared with their clear and concise summary of the situation and the causes producing it, the report of the Senate Investigating Committee is altogether contemptible. Thank you for the fair hearing your publication has given our strike."

From the president of a national trade union affected by the strike:

"They are the fairest and most comprehensive articles that have as yet appeared in print, at least, coming under my observation, and I have endeavored to read as much published matter as possible in order to get all sides of the contention and strike.

"It is such fair and unbiased articles that will help to bring about democracy in industry, thus perpetuating political democracy in our country, and save and maintain our present institutions."

In 1907 and 1908 the Survey carried out the Pittsburgh Survey; an interpretation of life and labor in the steel district. The findings were later published in six volumes. The Survey applied the same technique in an appraisal of the facts in the present strike; members of the staff visited Pittsburgh, Gary, Youngstown, Steubenville, Cleveland, Newcastle, McKeesport, Duquesne, Homestead and the other towns which figure in the date lines of the press dispatches. They interviewed mill officials, strike leaders, county and borough public officials. The first drafts of the articles were submitted for criticism in advance to the parties concerned, data was again checked up at sources and the articles stand a graphic, dependable record of an intensely human situation, the essential facts of which should be known to every intelligent American.

CONTENTS—THE STEEL STRIKE

THE CLOSED SHOP....John A. Fitch, Author of "The Steel Workers"
An interpretation of the Industrial Issues of the Strike.

JUDGE GARY ON THE CLOSED SHOP

CLOSED TOWNS.....S. Adele Shaw
Intimidation as it is Practiced in the Pittsburgh Steel District—The Contrast in Ohio.

AT GARY .....Graham Taylor
Some Impressions and Interviews.

HOW THE STEEL STRIKE WAS ORGANIZED....David J. Saposs,
Industrial investigator for the Division of Industrial and Economic Amalgamation, Carnegie Americanization Study.

25 Cents a Copy of the Publishers or free with a Year's Subscription to the Twelve Monthly Reconstruction Issues at $2.

117 East 19th Street **THE SURVEY** New York City

Published this Week

THE NEW VOLUME

By Lord Dunsany

TALES OF THREE HEMISPHERES

Which includes his first American subject—an impression of New York. Net $1.50. Uniform with the seven other volumes of Lord Dunsany's plays and tales published by this house.

LUNA BENAMOR

By Blasco Ibáñez

"The Nation" says—without doubt the most distinguished piece of writing by Blasco Ibáñez that has appeared in English. Cloth, net, $1.25

JOHN W. LUCE & COMPANY - BOSTON

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law

Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University

No. 198. The Decline of Aristocracy in the Politics of New York

By Dixon Ryan Fox

Paper Covers, Price, $3.50

No. 202. Women's Wages

By Emilie Josephine Hutchinson

Paper Covers, Price, $1.50

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., Publishers
FOURTH AVE. and 30TH ST., NEW YORK

THE MOSHER BOOKS CATALOGUE

My new catalogue is now ready.

It will be valued for itself alone. It also shows that I am still making beautiful books. Free on request.

THOMAS BIRD MOSHER
PORTLAND, MAINE

BETTER EYESIGHT

A monthly magazine devoted to the prevention and cure of imperfect sight by treatment without glasses.

W. H. Bates, M.D., Editor.

Published by the
Central Fixation Publishing Company
45 East 42nd Street, New York
Price $2.00 a year Sample copies free

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Agencies and Exchanges

For Authors, Playwrights Dramatists, Teachers, etc.

ALICE KAUSER
DRAMATISTS' AGENT—PLAYS
1402 Broadway, New York Established 1895
MOTION PICTURE DEPARTMENT
R. L. GIFFEN Associate and Manager

THE CARAVAN THEATRE
A Group of Traveling Players, presenting the best plays of the new and little theatres before clubs and other private audiences outside New York City, which might not otherwise have an opportunity to witness such performances. First bill now ready. For terms and dates
THE THEATRE CRAFTS EXCHANGE
Suite 309 47 West 42nd Street, New York

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., *Proprietors.*
Boston, 2A Park Street. Chicago, 814 Steger Bldg.
New York, 156 Fifth Ave. Denver, 817 Masonic Bldg.
Pittsburg, 549 Un Arcade. Portland, 509 Journal Bld.
Birmingham, 809 Title Bld. Berkeley, 2161 Shattuck Av.
Memphis, 2360 O. P. Circle. Los Angeles, 510 Spring St.
Send to any address above for registration form.

HARLAN P. FRENCH, Pres. W. W. ANDREWS, Sec.
ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY, Inc.
Supplies Schools and Colleges with Competent Teachers, Assists Teachers in obtaining positions. Send for Bulletin. 81 Chapel Street, Albany, N. Y.

BULLETIN OF NEW EDUCATION
Monthly report of the most advanced educational work being done in America to-day. Yearly subscription $1.00.
THE CORA L. WILLIAMS INSTITUTE, - Berkeley, California

LIFE OF DANTE
By Charles Allen Dinsmore
A biography and an interpretation combining sound judgment with enthusiasm, written by one of the best-known Dante students. Illus. $2.50 net.
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Boston

THE LATEST BOOKS

By G. D. H. COLE
LABOUR IN THE COMMONWEALTH
$1.50; postpaid $1.65
WM. C. BULLITT'S TESTIMONY
THE BULLITT MISSION TO RUSSIA
Paper 50c; cloth $1.00; postpaid 55c and $1.10
PUBLISHED BY B. W. HUEBSCH NEW YORK

Just Published
The Cottage of Delight
By Will N. Harben
Frontispiece. Post 8vo. $1.60
HARPER AND BROTHERS
NEW Est. 1817 YORK

PUBLICATIONS OF THE UNIVERSITY *of* CALIFORNIA
Monographs and separates in Sciences, Economies, History, Philology, Philosophy, etc.
List of titles and prices free on request.
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
Berkeley, Cal. 280 Madison Ave., N. Y.

THRIFT and CONSERVATION
HOW TO TEACH IT. By Arthur H. Chamberlain, Chairman, Thrift Education, N.E.A., and James F. Chamberlain.
This new volume in LIPPINCOTT'S SCHOOL EDUCATIONAL GUIDES, edited by W. F. Russell, A.B., Ph.D., Univ. of Iowa, sets forth the principles of teaching thrift, one of the big problems of reconstruction now in the hands of the teachers of this Nation. Price $1.40.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY - Philadelphia

Spanish Books
WHOLESALE ALL SUBJECTS RETAIL
Spanish Dailies and Periodicals
COMPANIA HISPAÑO-AMERICANA
156 West 14th Street, corner 7th Avenue, N. Y.

S.P. S.P.

The Unfinished Programme of Democracy
By RICHARD ROBERTS
Author of "Personality and Nationality," "The Church in the Commonwealth," etc.
Crown 8vo. 6s. net

What is the matter with Democracy? This is an attempt to diagnose the ills that afflict it, and to propound a remedy. The remedy for the troubles of Democracy is more democracy and then some more; and an attempt is made to indicate the pathway of the pacific evolution of the democratic principle.

Contents:—I. The Crisis of Democracy.—II. The Tests of Democratic Progress.—III. The Pecuniary Standard.—IV. The Redemption of Work.—V. The Achievement of Liberty.—VI. The Practice of Fellowship.—VII. The Organisation of Government.—VIII. A Democratised World.—IX. Education into Democracy.

THE SWARTHMORE PRESS,
Limited
(Formerly Trading as Headley Brothers, Publishers, Ltd.)
S.P. 72, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W. 1. S.P.

POLICEMAN AND PUBLIC
By ARTHUR WOODS
Former Police Commissioner of New York City
$1.35
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
120 College St., New Haven, Conn. 280 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

ESPERANTO
THE COMMON LANGUAGE FOR WORLD INTERCOURSE
Complete Lessons $1, Post Free
ESPERANTO, 2633 Creston Ave., New York

DEMOCRACY and the EASTERN QUESTION
Thomas F. Millard
An authoritative report on China's present economic and political condition. (8vo. 300 pages. $3.00)
Published by THE CENTURY CO., New York City

MARRIAGE As It Was, Is, and SHOULD BE. By Annie Besant. An intensely interesting treatment of the subject by a famous woman. 25c. a copy.
THE CRUCIBLE (Agnostic, Freethought), 4 samples, all different—10c.
RAYMER'S OLD BOOK STORE
1330 First Avenue Seattle, Wash.

Foreign and American Dealers in
Rare Books, Autographs, Manuscripts, Prints, Engravings, etc.

Notice to Booklovers and Collectors
MESSRS. HENRY SOTHERAN & CO. beg respectfully to state, that owing to the continued inflated prices of printing and paper, coupled with lack of staff, the production of their Catalogues is still somewhat restricted, but they would be pleased at any time to hear from Collectors who are in want of any special Book, or who are [illegible] tions on any subject, and can then report [illegible] come into [illegible] purchases at [illegible] Private Libraries which they are constantly acquiring.
HENRY SOTHERAN & CO.,
43, Piccadilly, W. 1.
or, 140, Strand, W. C. 2.
London, England.
Cables: Bookmen, London

BOOKS—All out-of-print books supplied, no matter on what subject. Write us. We can get you any book ever published. Please state wants. When in England call and see our 50,000 rare books. BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16 John Bright Street, Birmingham, England.

Autographs BOOKS Manuscripts
Catalogues post free from HERBERT E. GORFIN
1, Walerand Road, Lewisham, London, S.E.13

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW
$6.00 *per year* *English Edition* 75c *per copy*
LEONARD SCOTT PUB. CO., 249 W. 13th St., New York

FOR THE BOOK LOVER
Rare books—First editions.
Latest Catalogue Sent on Request
C. GERHARDT, 25 W. 42d Street, New York

SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS
Authoritative translations of the best of the literature of the North
Published by
THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION
25 West 45th Street, New York

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES TO BE HAD at ABRAHAM'S BOOK STORE, 145 4th Avenue

White Rock
Unsurpassed Mineral Water

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED